

THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE,
OR
DIALOGUES

Between
A DISCREET GOVERNESS
AND
Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK
under her EDUCATION.

BY
Mrs. LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT.

VOLUME II.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Nourse, at the *Lamb*, opposite
Catherine-Street, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLX.

THE
YOUNG LADIES
MAGAZINE

OR
DIALOGUES

Between
A FISCAL GOVERNMENT

And
Several Young Ladies of the First Rank
in the Education

MADE PRINCE DE BERNMONT

VOLUME IV

LONDON

Printed for J. Noakes at the Lion opposite
Cannon Street in the Strand
MDCCLXXII



DIALOGUE VIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADY *Sensible*, pray tell us, where we left off at our last meeting.

Lady *Sensible*. We were upon the definition of happiness. You said, that he was happy, who desired nothing, nor had any thing to fear.

Mrs. *Affable*. Did I give any proof of this definition being exact?

Lady *Sensible*. I think not, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. If so, ladies, we must examine this point and observe the method, which we have obliged ourselves to follow. You know, that we are not to assent to any proposition, that is not an *axiom*.

Lady *Louisa*. Give me leave to ask what is meant by an *axiom*; 'tis a term I don't very well understand.

Mrs. *Affable*. I ought indeed to have explained it first, as well as several other terms peculiar to sciences, which you will meet on many occasions, and for want of understanding them be at a loss to comprehend many things that are very entertaining; besides, I intend to enliven our lessons with some touches of natural philosophy, but very few as I understand very little of it; the little I know I shall communicate, were it only to make my court to lady *Violent*.

- Lady *Violent*. I am obliged to you for your complaisance; and I will in return make my court to you; and I must tell you, that you have got above half your *wager*.

Mrs. *Affable*. So, dear lady *Violent*, now you neither hate me nor my lessons.

Lady *Violent*. Oh! I am advanced much farther; I begin to love you very much; but I must not interrupt you; pray tell us what is the meaning of this word *axiom*.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis a truth so clear, that you must renounce the light of reason to call it in question; a truth that a child of four years can understand. This is an axiom. *No one can give what he has not.* You see it is quite evident. *What is contrary to truth must be false.* Do you take it lady *Mary*?

Lady *Mary*. Perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; that grand word, *axiom*, frightened me; and now I find it is the easiest matter to be understood. If it be true, that you are in the room, it is false that you are out of it. That you are present is a truth; that you are absent, which is contrary to that truth, is a falshood.

Lady *Louisa*. Is it not also an *axiom*, that if a principle is true, it's consequence cannot be false?

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, madam; that was explained the other day. This is another *axiom*. *The whole is bigger than a part.*

Miss *Molly*. I don't take it, Mrs. *Affable*.

Lady *Charlotte*. Lord, how dull you are? don't you see, that this bit of wood, which is the foot of the table, and only one part of it is not so big as the whole table, there need not. Oh, Mrs. *Affable*, how you look at me; do I have done wrong, I see; I have been very rough to my

dear

dear miss *Molly*. I beg pardon, dear friend; I spoke without reflection.

Miss *Molly*. You do so very often, and you think you make up all things by asking pardon.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed, my dear, you scandalize me; is it not a shame to see so much resentment shewn to a good friend; I really thought you had more wit.

Miss *Molly*. You don't see all, Mrs. *Affable*; she is at it ten times a-day, and at last I can bear it no longer.

Lady *Charlotte*. She is really in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; and yet I could take my oath, that I never meant to give any offence; it is a bad custom I have.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must correct this fault, my dear, and I hope, that miss *Molly* will get the better of this wrong turn of mind. Come, my good girl, embrace your friend: and if you think seriously on the matter, you will be much ashamed of what has happened; it is very ugly indeed.

Miss *Molly*. I knew you would always take that lady's part, because you love her better than me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Come hither, poor *Molly*; you say that I love lady *Charlotte* better than you; it is very true. I love her now better; she is more amiable, and this is but natural. Make the case your own; you will do the very same. She has committed a fault, I own. But it is a blunder, a mistake, she never intended any offence; as soon as she perceived her mistake by my looking at her, she was very sensible, that she had done wrong, and immediately begged your pardon. Now consider the fault you have committed, compare it with hers, and you must find yours much greater. She said that you was dull; you might easily have convinced her of a mistaken judgment, and shewn

that you was mistress of more sense and wit by not taking any offence at her injurious language; instead of this you would shew, that you was really dull and stupid; one is no better that is angry without cause. After that you was very rough with her, you returned worse language, than she had given, whereas lady *Charlotte*, instead of following your example, owned herself in the wrong; and now, because I do her justice, you fall foul on me, you accuse me of being partial, you pretend, that I act by whim and fancy, in short you tell me, that I am unjust. Would not it be right in me to take pet in my turn, to pout as you do, and to continue out of temper like you. But I freely pardon you; why will you not forgive your school-fellow?

Miss Molly. You are in the right, *Mrs. Affable*, I am a foolish girl; I beg your pardon, and lady *Charlotte's*, and as a farther favour, I beg that neither of you will be angry with me.

Mrs. Affable. Why should I be angry with you? You have done me no harm, but much to yourself; I am mortified on your account, dear child, but it is a comfort to me, that you own your fault. Let us say no more about it, but go on with our lesson.

By this time you understand what an *axiom* is, and we advanced, that we were not to give our assent immediately to any proposition, that is not an *axiom*. Lady *Louisa* observed, that a consequence drawn from a true principle was also an *axiom*, and so that we could not doubt of man's being created to be happy, as this truth is a consequence of this other, *God is infinitely perfect*. We have also defined what it was to be happy, and said, that *happiness* was a state, in which we feared nothing, and had nothing to desire; but this has not yet been

been proved; let us try whether we can do it; and lady *Witty*, let us examine, whether you have hitherto been happy, and what has hindered your being so.

Lady *Witty*. I am not very unhappy at present, Mrs. *Affable*, but was very much so, before I was acquainted with you; for I was passionately desirous of being praised and esteemed; and I found that I was generally hated and despised. And now I still find an inclination and some desire of praise, but not much; so that I feel but some little uneasiness, when I am not praised; but there is something else that gives me much trouble. I want to be older, that I may go to assemblies, balls and plays. I shed some tears by myself, when I hear *mama* talk of a fine tragedy she has seen, and say to myself, when shall I be at liberty to see plays as I shall think proper.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! you was quite satisfied last week, when you was at the playhouse.

Lady *Witty*. Not I, Mrs. *Affable*; to speak the truth I was pleased with being there; but the play in my mind did not last long enough; I was concerned, that I could not come the next day; and then I was so heavy and under so much disquiet, that I could not be pleased with any thing I did.

Mrs. *Affable*. But if the lady, your *mama*, took you every day to the playhouse, do you think that would content you?

Lady *Witty*. I wish for many more things, Mrs. *Affable*, I would willingly go to Vaux-hall; in a word, I entertain so many different wishes, that as soon as I have obtained one, another wish begins to teize me.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa*, were you like lady *Witty* at her age?

Lady *Louisa*. Exactly, Mrs. *Affable*; I made no doubt of being happy as soon as I should go with my lady to every place.

Mrs. *Affable*. And now very likely you are quite happy, that you have compassed what you desired so much.

Lady *Louisa*. Far from it, Mrs. *Affable*; I am often tired with those things I have so long wished for; and there are others, which I cannot reach, that I desire to be in my power.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray madam would you tell me, whether you don't think yourself unhappy in not being queen of *England*?

Lady *Louisa*. No, Mrs. *Affable*, for I never desired it.

Mrs. *Affable*. Are not you sorry that you have not a gown all set with diamonds?

Lady *Louisa*. No, I never was for such a quantity of them; but I own that my sister in law has an *aigrette* which quite pleases me. This unlucky *aigrette* runs constantly in my head; and I am seriously concerned, that I cannot have such another.

Be pleased to observe ladies, that it is not the things of the world, but the desire which occasions all your trouble. You no more want the lady your sister in law's *aigrette*, than you want all the diamonds in *London*. Why does this trouble you, and why are you perfectly easy at the others? Because you have taken it into your head to wish for the first, and thought no more of the second, than you did of the crown of *England*. To be satisfied, you don't want that particular sprig of diamonds; you would, if you had it, soon look upon it with great indifference; the main point is to shake off that desire; it is that, and that only which torments you.

Lady

Lady Louisa. Allow me, Mrs. *Affable*, to make a supposition. If our desires torment us, when we cannot content them, he would be happy, that could obtain every thing as he desired it. This makes him master of all that he wishes; he cannot desire more.

Mrs. Affable. *Alexander* an ambitious prince proposed to conquer the whole world, and made himself sure of the conquest. You may perhaps imagine, that the prospect satisfied his desires. Not at all, ladies! he took up his thoughts with grieving that the world was of so small a compass, and wished he had more worlds to subdue. I will suppose however, that he could not wish for more; still that state of inaction would be tedious, and the danger of losing what he had gained would be a cause of extreme trouble.

Lady Louisa. This is a flat contradiction, Mrs. *Affable*; our desires, you say, are the occasion of our misfortunes. You say farther, that a man, who desired nothing, would be uneasy, because he had nothing to desire. Putting these two together, a person with and without any desire is equally unhappy. And hence may be concluded, that it is false, that man was created to be happy; and that it is even impossible he should be happy.

Mrs. Affable. This we call proper and close reasoning, Madam; but let me see, whether I cannot get out of the briars.

To begin, we have no business to doubt of an axiom; that would be ridiculous. It is an uncontested truth, that man was made to be happy; it is a consequence of this principle: *There is a God infinitely perfect.* We must then examine my other propositions.

I said that our desires hinder us from being happy.

happy; and I repeat it, because it is impossible for us to obtain all we desire.

I go farther, and say, that though we could satisfy all our desires, we could not be happy, since the heart would be wearied out with having no more to wish in this world.

Lady *Lucy*. This is very clear; were man content with what he possesses, he would desire nothing farther. I begin to think, that I can guess at the reason, Mrs. *Affable*. It is not, because the heart is of that capacity and extent, that, altho' all the good things of the world were put together, it could never be filled or satisfied. I fancy my heart to be like a child, that cries and wants to have every thing it sees. If any thing is put into it's hands, it lays fast hold with great eagerness, looks at it, turns it of all sides, then casts it away with a kind of scorn, begins a fresh to cry for the next thing, and when it has got it, treats it with the same ceremony as the other.

Mrs. *Affable*. The comparison is really excellent, my dear, and a true representation of the heart.

Lady *Lucretia*. I grant, that the heart is like that child; but you must also grant, that we are not made to be happy since nothing can make us so.

Mrs. *Affable*. No, madam; we can never be happy till we find an object of greater extent, than the heart of man, an object which we may possess if we please; and in which during this life, we may every moment find something new to raise new desires, and such as it is in our power to gratify; in so much that we cannot form a wish, but what shall be fulfilled instantly, and succeeded by others with the same facility and success.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. I find nothing but God, that is greater than the heart, since the heart is so much above the whole world.

Mrs. *Affable*. Truly God only can make us happy in another life; and to possess him here is, even in this life a commencement of that future happiness.

Lady *Tempest*. But how can we possess and enjoy him now?

Mrs. *Affable*. That God may fill your heart, you must make room for his divine presence, by casting out every thing that possesses it. Drive out ambition, pride, covetousness, and all the other passions that incumber the soul and hinder God from fixing his residence there. To banish all irregular passions that give birth to irregular desires is to remove all obstacles to happiness. And hence we must conclude that our definition of happiness was not complete, and that we must reform it once more by saying, that happiness is a state, wherein the heart forms no desire but what it can satisfy, without any danger or apprehension of being cloy'd.

Lady *Lucy*. I could have taken my oath that the other was a perfect definition, but I find it was not. Now I see how necessary it is to examine what appears to be most certain, and nothing pleases me more than the thought of being sure it is in my power to discover the truth.

Mrs. *Affable*. Truth is the food of the understanding, and the pleasures, which flow from the discovery of it, go infinitely beyond those which are so eagerly sought in the childish amusements of the world; you will find it some day by experience, my dear; and you will be greatly surprised, that you could ever lose so much time in trifles, when a pastime so becoming a rational

creature was in your power. But our lesson has been vastly serious; let us spirit up a little. Lady *Tempest*, I beg you will tell us the story you took out of the *Adventurer*.

Lady *Tempest*. Ladies, it is a gentleman that gives an account of himself, I will introduce him telling his own adventures.

I was born in a certain county of *England*, about 150 miles distant from the metropolis. At twenty years of age, I came to an easy fortune; and thought immediately of settling in the world. I found a lady of my rank, and of my temper with a fortune equal to mine. I have been blessed with three children by her, I am extremely fond of my little offspring, and with my small family I found myself happier than a king. I had a good library; and when I was not with my wife and children, my time was spent in reading. Though I had a general taste for all sorts of books, my inclination was chiefly to the poets, and particularly those, who were concerned in dramatic poetry. I had a strong passion for *Shakespeare's* tragedies: I read them over and over again without ceasing; and sometimes I thought, how happy they must be at *London*, who had opportunities to go to the playhouses, where those excellent pieces were exhibited. This thought which came frequently to my mind, grew up to a desire, and that a violent one. Now when one earnestly desires what he cannot compass, all diversions grow insipid; what is in your power, is distasteful; in short, I was quite miserable. I was at liberty to go to town, when I pleased: no one would have hindered me; but in reality, when I considered the matter seriously, reason opposed this excursion; and it would have been quite a shame to ride a hundred and fifty miles.

miles merely for the pleasure of seeing a play acted. I continued two whole years, in this distressed condition; my friends found me so altered, that they could not have known me again; so melancholy and pensive I was grown. At two years end, I received a letter from town with an account, that an aunt of mine was dead there, had left me her heir, and that I must of necessity come up to settle matters with regard to this succession. I was overjoyed with the news, which surprised all my acquaintance. Till that time, I was esteemed a disinterested person; they could not conceive how an increase of fortune could occasion such raptures. I was really uneasy, that I was thought a covetous person; but I could not bring myself to declare the true cause of the satisfaction I had. A *French* author observes very judiciously, that we are more jealous of the opinion which others form of our understanding, than we are with respect to what they think of our morals, and we chuse rather to be thought immoral, than ridiculous, and persons of weak capacities. At least I acted that time upon this principle. I left all the world at liberty to determine as they pleased; and my whole care was in hastening every thing for my departure. I scarce allowed my wife time to put up a few shirts in a cloakbag; and though I had the tenderest love for my family, the tears they shed when I took horse, were not minded by me. I rode night and day; I cannot say that I saw any thing upon the road; I was wholly taken up with the shew I was to see; when I alighted, the first question I asked of my land-lord was, at what o'clock they opened the play-house. He answered, *about five, 'tis but eleven; you have six hours good to rest.* Tormenting villain,

lain, thought I to myself! This brute talks of six hours as he would of six minutes, and cannot think one has any thing to do, but to rest. I think I could have fallen foul upon mine host; and I was not without some suspicion, that he was necessary to the opening of the house so late. However I found it necessary to follow his advice; but I dined in as great haste, as if they of the playhouse had only waited for me to draw up the curtain. As the time drew nearer my impatience increased; I quarrelled with the barber I sent for to be shaved, I told him he would be the cause of my not being at the opening of the playhouse; I took my watch out every moment nor could I be persuaded that the slowness of its motion was natural. In fine, I behaved in all respects like a madman; and left the people of the inn quite persuaded that I had had a knock in the cradle. It was exactly four, when I came to the playhouse door; as it was only to be opened at five, I had full leisure to champ the bit, whilst I walked about every way. I was heartily enraged at the porter; I was sure that he was at the bottom of this mischief, and delayed on purpose coming to open the door. However it was set open at last, I went in; no, I rushed in; but was forced very soon to abate of my mettle; there was no light, and I was in danger of breaking my neck; for coming out of the day-light into a dark place, I could not absolutely see before me. In a short time I recovered my sight; and I surveyed with eagerness the place I had so long and earnestly wished to see. My next business was to pitch upon a place, where I might most conveniently see the play. I was at last determined, not because I was pleased, but because I was tired with strolling from

from one side to the other in quest of a place. Mean while the company crouded in, and seemed to share with me in impatience; some by bawling, others drumming upon the benches with their sticks, others with their feet, and some shewed their uneasiness by whistling. In fine, the noise was enough to stun any common mortal, and was over and above so disagreeable, that if an uncommon desire of seeing a play had not brought me thither, I would certainly have made my escape. At last the long wished for moment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and what do you think, but a man of enormous size comes in and claps down just before me; as he was taller by the head than myself, I had nothing left for it but to lean all on one side; it was really worth my while to come so early, and to try so many places as I had done. However this inconvenience was not very sensible; one of the actors had opened the scene, and my soul was only in my eyes and ears; the rest of my faculties were almost gone.

I only came again to myself at the close of the first act. And then I called myself to an account of the pleasure I had found in this novelty. It was really great, but far from answering my expectation. This disappointment occasioned a dislike; however the dislike left me a sufficient presence of mind to examine the play, and to remark its defects; so that at last I found fault with the author, the players, the decorations, I even observed upon the taylor, and found every particular short of that perfection, to which they might have been carried to make the whole complete.

The farce was much more disagreeable. This was a pantomime, and very pretty, but the subject, as far as the gestures of the actors gave

us to understand, was extremely undecent. I could willingly have given more attention to the shew; a thousand ill thoughts crouded into my mind; I did not chuse to be damned with harbouring these dangerous guests; I was wholly taken up in resisting and denying them admittance; I could not see half of this pantomime, where conscience obliged me almost every moment to close my eyes. At last the performance was at an end; and I got back to my inn in a very dull and pensive mood. Many a thousand times I had been alone without the least discontent; but after I left that tumultuous croud, my lodging appeared to me an insupportable desert. Whilst I was fretting, I made the following reflection.

My case is very common. A young lady at fourteen or fifteen, hears of what I may call the grand play or comedy of the world; she longs to be seen at this public spectacle, and endeavours to hasten the long desired hour; at length she appears at assemblies. What forecast! what care is had to be in a proper place to see and be seen in a manner the most likely to sooth and flatter her vanity! But when she fancies she has succeeded, and that she is fixed to her content, in comes a taller person, that is a lady of greater beauty, a finer shape, more wit, and possessed of talents which she wants; she seizes and fixes every eye in the company, and eclipses the young person, that thought herself so happy, and who, in order to catch a side glance, and some share in the admiration of the spectators, is forced to be upon the rack, and in the most uneasy posture, where this dangerous rival shines with superior endowments. Though the constraint is greatly troublesome, she keeps up her heart, and bears her present situation with the prospect of the pleasure she hopes to find in

in this meeting. How great is her surprize, and how affecting her concern to see, that the pleasure does not answer her expectation; she is frustrated, she does not meet with half, no, not a quarter of the satisfaction she proposed to herself; she grieves, she begins to loath the world, that requires so much, and returns so little; but this disgust fails too often of bringing a love of retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the incidents of life, the perfidiousness of indifferent persons, and the ingratitude of those, who were thought friends. One is deceived on all sides, obliged to take a share in the trouble of this person, and to suffer the unjust proceedings of that other; this is not all. This comedy, or universal pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very scandalous; what is heard and what is seen disposes generally to evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord dreads being sullied with this filth; he must be ever on his guard, always resisting, and engaged in an endless struggle. Here the eyes must be constantly shut and the ears; the tongue must be almost under a perpetual restraint. What a pity! In fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is, old age comes on. What remains but very little pleasure; great uneasiness, unprofitable desires, and tormenting remorse? happy those, who like myself, disgusted with the first representation take a handsome resolution, and follow my example. I had not the least temptation to see another play. I left my affairs to the care of a friend; and the next day I made the best of my way homeward with as much speed, and came back to my family with as much joy, as I felt at my setting out.

Lady

Lady Lucy. You know that is exactly my case; Mrs. Affable; I am very much inclined to follow this gentleman's example, and give up this pageantry at the first representation.

Mrs. Affable. Fair and softly, lady. Sloth is often disguised under a pretext of despising the world; this must be considered; we will do it the first private meeting we have.

Miss Sophy. Pray, Mrs. Affable, do you ever admit these ladies to private visits?

Mrs. Affable. What makes you ask, my dear?

Miss Sophy. I have earnestly longed for some time to have a little private talk with you, and I durst not propose it.

Mrs. Affable. I could really be angry at you, my dear. Have you forgot, that I am your friend, and that you must be free with me? You *durst not*, they are words not to be used, more particularly among friends. Let me know without ceremony what you desire of me; when I cannot comply I will lay my reasons before you very candidly. Once for all, ladies, I desire you will be persuaded, that I can have no greater pleasure than that of condescending to all that you desire, when you are good. Remember this well, miss Sophy; let it be very early when you come, and I will hear what you have to say with all my heart.

DI A L O G U E IX.

Mrs. AFFABLE, Miss BELLA, Miss SOPHY.

Miss SOPHY.

YOU will be pleased, Mrs. *Affable*, to let my sister be one of the company; she is acquainted with what I have to say.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you please, my dear little ladies.

Miss *Sophy*. The matter in question is concerning two friends of ours, young ladies, who have not the happiness of being acquainted with Mrs. *Affable*, and have desired to have her opinion about them by our means. The eldest is the most unhappy person in the world; the servants in the family have taken it into their heads, that her mother loves her preferably to her other children; upon this account they hate her, and do her all the mischief they can. This gives her the greatest uneasiness, and were it not, that her sister is a great comfort to her, she must die of grief.

Miss *Bella*. You must observe, Mrs. *Affable*, that this younger sister is extremely impertinent; and when she finds, that her maid or other servants will be out of the way, and not hear reason; she without more ado sends them about their business with a good deal of scorn. She frequently tells her eldest sister, that she is very stupid to be vexed at what such folks say; but it is in vain to argue the point; nothing will comfort her; and most of the night is spent in tears.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must be very fond of this young lady, my dear miss *Sophy*; you actually weep for her sake . . . may I beg leave to guess the names of the two ladies?

Miss *Sophy*. By all means, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well, I guess their names to be *Sophy* and *Bella*; but pray inform me, why I was not to know that you spoke of yourselves.

Miss *Sophy*. I was ashamed, that you should know I was not loved in the family; it appears to me to be the greatest of misfortunes. But how could you guess, that we meant ourselves?

Mrs. *Affable*. That was no very hard matter. I know your character so well, that I cannot be easily imposed upon in any thing that relates to you.

Miss *Bella*. What would I give, Mrs. *Affable*, to know my own character! I shall take it as the greatest favour if you would describe me to myself such as I am.

Mrs. *Affable*. You have very pressing motives, my dear children, to wish for this knowledge; of all sciences it is the most necessary; how can we without it correct defects which we know not? Now, dear *Bella*, I will draw your picture.

Miss *Sophy*. Why not begin with mine, Mrs. *Affable*? you well know I am the elder.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! I could have laid a wager you would have entered your claim, my dear. You are always at it with your birthright among your sisters; you let your governess and others see very clearly, that you think yourself sure of your mama's heart, and that you have a title to superiority, and rule over them. How can you think any one will be fond of you, whilst you have such a temper?

Miss

Miss *Sophy*. You speak of me as a person of a very bad temper; I assure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I have a very good heart; and that I love very much even the persons that give me so much vexation; I am only miserable, because they don't love me.

Mrs. *Affable*. I am obliged not to disguise the truth, my dear, since you do me the honour of asking my advice; and I hope, that you will have good sense enough not to take it amiss. You say you love those persons; for my part I fear that you only love yourself.

Miss *Sophy*. You are mistaken, Mrs. *Affable*; I will give you a convincing proof, that my heart is good. For about these two years we have had a governess that scolds me from morning till night; and yet I love her, and cry like a fool, when I think she is angry with me.

Mrs. *Affable*. That don't shew you love her much, but that you desire to be loved yourself; and that you will have it with a high hand. Do you remember that cap you chose t'other day, and which you thought so pretty? You was in the saddest humour the whole day for my finding your sister's much prettier. To please you one must always think as you do, love what you like, and hate what you dislike.

Miss *Sophy*. I cannot allow this for truth; I am not of that character.

Miss *Bella*. Take care, sister. Mrs. *Affable* knows us better than we know ourselves; and only that I don't care to vex you —

Miss *Sophy*. Pray sister, who asks your advice; when Mrs. *Affable* is upon your character, I shall not put in a word of my opinion.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable taking out a little pocket-glass.

You would have people to be fond of you, my dear ; look and tell me, whether you appear so very engaging ; your countenance is quite altered—— You turn your eyes: you are afraid of seeing yourself. And instead of once thinking of shewing your gratitude for my kindness, you are quite angry with your friend. Were I like you, I would let you even pout it out at your ease. Come, kiss me this very minute——that will not do ; I must have a good humoured kiss, such as you give me when you are a good girl, or else——take care what you do,——I shall come out with a terrible threat——or else, I shall love you no more——So——this is right now, and you are grown quite pretty again.

Miss Sophy. Lord ! what a fool I am, *Mrs. Affable* ! had I continued in this ugly temper, I should have struck both you and my sister.

Mrs. Affable. Had this been the case between you and your governess, what would have happened then ?

Miss Sophy. Why, we should have had a whole day's scolding, that is certain ; she would not have had your patience, and would have endeavoured to make me yield by dint of chiding. Really, she is not to be borne, *Mrs. Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. Do you think she don't love you ?

Miss Sophy. Excuse me, *Mrs. Affable*, I believe she does ; she is very careful, when any thing ails me, and very uneasy at the least thing that can happen ; yet I think she loves my sister better.

Miss Bella. Sister, you know very well that she finds as much fault with me as with you, though she certainly loves me better. Do, as I do. I tell her my reasons quietly ; when she is not disposed to
mind

mind them. I step into another room, and leave her to mutter by herself, without being in the least angry at her. It is her way, she must chide; she don't do it to make us uneasy; poor creature she thinks herself assuredly in the right.

Miss Sophy. It is very happy for you, that you can take that course; for my part, when I am chid, I must cry.

Miss Bella. I don't tell you that I have not as much mind to give way to tears as you have; but I don't care she should know the impression her chiding has made; I look chearful out of spite, I smother my passion for a whole day unless I can vent it in tears in some corner, where I am not seen.

Mrs. Affable. That is, *Miss Bella* has as much pride as her sister; but of another kind.

Miss Bella. Very true, *Mrs. Affable*; I will endeavour to explain the nature of this pride; I am well acquainted with it, and with my sister had the same; her's makes her quite miserable. Suppose that each of us has a new gown; my sister shews her's to somebody, that is pleased to find fault with it; she is immediately off the hinges, quarrels with a good gown, finds it very ugly, is loth to wear it any more; it is very plain, that she can't have a moment's happiness, when it depends on the fancies and whims of others. On the contrary, when I have pitched upon a gown that pleases me, if it does not please another, I conclude the fault does not lie in the gown, but in that other's want of taste.

Mrs. Affable. These two characters are complete, my dear *Bella*; your pride is very solid; your sister's falls very short in value of it. But, my good little ladies, it is not enough to know, we must also correct ourselves.

Miss

Miss *Bella*. But how shall we shake off these defects?

Mrs. *Affable*. You are mistaken, my dear; the defect is not so much in your characters. Were I to decide in this matter I should say, that the characters are neither good nor bad, or that they are rather good than bad; and that if you will make a right use of that turn of mind, you may both of you be very perfect, and very happy.

Miss *Sophy*. Is it possible, Mrs. *Affable*. Oh! how obliged should I be to you, if you would teach me to make a good use of the disposition and bent which I find I have! To speak the truth, I find it is to very little purpose to think well of myself, I have great reason to think, that I am not very agreeable, and yet I could wish to be so.

Mrs. *Affable*. That will be easily brought about, my dear. You have told me your faults with great sincerity; I will acquaint you with mine. When I was very young I had, like you, the misfortune of being my father's favourite; I call it a misfortune, my dear, because it is very easy to make an ill use of it, which I effectually did. You recollect to my mind what I was at your age; I was truly a little tyrant. It is true I loved my brothers and sisters, but then I insisted upon their shewing me a very particular respect without taking on my side any trouble to deserve being respected. I thought them extremely faulty, when they took the liberty to contradict me; I always claimed the preference, and, as you do, I would tell them at least twenty times a day, *I am the eldest*. What was the consequence? All hated me; the servants out of pure compassion took my brothers and sisters part on all occasions, I chid the servants; I got them severely reprimanded by my father; all this
only

only contributed to increase their hatred and detestation of me. I was at length tired of being hated, and put the question to myself, *How comes it, that no one can abide me? Am I ill-tempered? No, I certainly have a good and kind heart; but then I am much out of the way. How should I like one, that always endeavoured to get the upper hand of me? Not at all. I need not then wonder, that others cannot suffer me; this is quite plain and natural.* After these reflections I was determined to get the better of this turn of mind; but this was a hard task; I did not so readily perceive, when I was out of the way. I very luckily found a friend, who took upon her the charitable office of putting me in mind, whenever she observed that I was extravagant, and acted the tyrant. I took it well of her, when she was so kind, though at first it gave me great uneasiness. In a twelve month's time I was so much mended, that I was not to be known for the same person, and my sisters, brothers, and all the servants doted on me.

Miss Sophy. You are very sly, *Mrs Affable*; you have taken a method of reproaching me with my faults, without leaving me at liberty to take it amiss. Under the pretext of describing your character, you have drawn mine.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis no pretext, my dear; I assure you, that I was then what you are now.

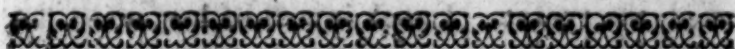
Miss Sophy. But where shall I find the true friend, that will put me in mind of my faults?

Mrs. Affable. Your sister will do that kind office; and I know you will take it in good part. If you can prevail so far upon yourself, you will become extremely agreeable; to do you justice your inclinations are quite good, and you have a great share of wit. I discovered your kind temper in your affection to your sisters, though you maltreat

them sometimes. On the other side your being desirous to please, and to be loved is a hopeful disposition, and may be a means to correct such defects as hinder your being so amiable as you might be. You must begin with a promise, that you will allow your dear sister to remind you of your faults; and if you keep your word I promise to teach you the way of becoming quite amiable.

Miss *Bella*. And what must *Bella* do to overcome her pride.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will talk of that another time, my dear. The ladies are come; I hear them in lady *Sensible's* chamber; we must not make them wait any longer.



DIALOGUE X.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE read a story yesterday, ladies, which made us all shed tears. Lady *Tempest* has desired leave to repeat it to you.

Lady *Louisa*. Before we begin, give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to beg a farther favour. We have two ladies friends of ours; we have often talked to them of Mrs. *Affable*; they have an earnest desire to be acquainted with you; they are gone into lady 's, and wait for your consent to let them be presented to you.

Mrs. *Affable*. I shall see them with great pleasure, and I beg they may come Are you acquainted with them, lady *Lucy*?

Lady

Lady Lucy. One of them has been an intimate with me many years; her name is *Zina*, and I am sure she will be your favourite. I know very little of miss *Friivolous*, the other lady; I am persuaded she is in great want of your lessons as well as myself; and I believe they will be of great service to her. But here they are.

Mrs. Affable. You are very good, ladies, to think, that I can be useful to you in any respect; pray sit down ladies, and give us leave to begin our lesson. But I must previously observe to you that it is rather a conversation, than a lesson. We are a small society of friends, who amuse ourselves in chatting together; we discourse freely without any disguise; each speaks what she thinks. It is hoped that you will not fail to copy the example, which these ladies will give you in delivering their thoughts, with becoming freedom.

Miss Zina. For my part I promise not to be wanting in due attention; that is really the most I am fit for.

Miss Friivolous. I will follow Miss's example, for besides the difficulty I have as yet of expressing my thoughts in French, I am very backward and timorous.

Mrs. Affable. I hope you will not be long so in our society. When we are only friends that meet, you must take courage. Begin with your story, lady *Tempest*.

Lady Tempest. A lady of quality, but very young, was married to a gentleman extremely rich, and as old as he was rich; the young Lady, who was very virtuous, behaved with the greatest complaisance to her husband; and he was so sensible of her kind behaviour, that in gratitude he made a will, by which he settled his whole real and personal estate upon her. She was not yet come to

twenty years of age; she had the beauty of an angel; she was mistress of a most excellent wit, but what is above all she had the deserved reputation of being a most discreet and prudent lady. With all these advantages you may imagine she was not without lovers, and many made their offers, who looked upon the happiness of marrying so complete a person as the greatest of advantages. She singled out the marquis of Ganges a very amiable person for the happy man. It was generally agreed, that it was a most suitable match, and that this couple would be quite happy. They were so at first, but by degrees they began to be less complaisant to each other. I said before, that the marchioness *de Ganges* was young, beautiful, and very ingenious; these advantages were attended with every accomplishment. She sung charmingly, she had an excellent hand for all instruments, she danced to admiration; such a person, you may be sure, was desired to be at all honorable meetings; if a ball was given, if there was a feast or an assembly, she was always invited, and as she loved diversions, she freely accepted their invitations. Her husband, who was something jealous, represented, that this dissipated and distracted life of her's injured her reputation, and gave him a good share of uneasiness, upon which he begged of her not to gad about so much, and to stay more at home. The marchioness thought this a very extraordinary lesson; she knew herself to be very discreet, and was persuaded that sufficed; she only desired to skip about, to be merry, and to divert herself with persons of her own age; and as she thought no harm, she was surprised to find this construed into a crime. Upon this she made this answer to her husband, that her conscience reproached her nothing, that she neither
was

was of an age nor a mind to be buried alive on account of the silly discourses of detractors; that he was at liberty to frequent all those assemblies, and to observe her behaviour; that to deprive a woman at her age of all innocent and decent diversions was a thing never heard of; he chid, she did the same; in fine the good understanding, that had hitherto subsisted between them, vanished away, and left room for quarrels and discord, reproaches, coolness, and at last for hatred. The marquiss looked upon his lady as a conceited woman, and perhaps something of a *coquette*; he considered her husband as a jealous man and a tyrant; in short they could no longer suffer each other. You remember, that the marchioness's first husband left her a great fortune by will; she was at liberty to dispose of it as she pleased; but from a desire of being revenged of her husband, she resolved he should have no share in the administration of her fortune, if he survived her. She had two children by the marquiss that she loved entirely; she made a will of all in their favour; this was very just; but she added, that if she died before they were of age to enjoy her fortune, it was her will, that her mother, who was not very old, should be their guardian in exclusion of their father. She added the following words at the bottom of the will, as if she had foreseen the misfortune that was to happen.

I declare in the presence of God, that this is my true and last will, which I am resolved never to alter, and if it should happen hereafter, that I make another will, I give notice, that it will be contrary to my will, and forced from me, and I declare that other will so made void, and of no effect.

The marquiss, by what means is not known, discovered this will, where he was so ill used; he

reproached her with it, and remonstrated how much it disgraced him; common friends, for whom the marchioness had the greatest deference, represented the same, and undertook to reconcile her to her husband, which they at length compassed by their good offices. The marquis promised to be more complaisant, she engaged to be more at home; she was as good as her word, and began to have a real disgust of the world. The marquis seemed to recover of his odd humours, grew extremely fond of his lady, and endeavoured to prevent her desires by procuring every thing he thought could please her. As she was good and sincere she was affected much by seeing him so much altered, and generously forgetting all past ill usage, she took a resolution to make him quite easy, and to shew that she forgave him freely, and without any remains of her former animosity, she made her will in such manner as was agreeable to him.

The marquis had two brothers, one a clergyman; his stile was *Monsieur L'Abbé*; the other was a knight of *Malta*; it is thought they contributed greatly by their ill-natured discourses to make a difference between the marquis and his lady. However it were, the marchioness who was of a meek mild temper, behaved very handsomely to them, particularly to the knight, who having no fortune, could with great difficulty have supported his rank without her benefactions. Summer came on, and the marchioness went down into the country to one of her estates at no great distance; and was accompanied by her two brothers-in-law. Her husband promised he would follow her very soon, but that he had pressing affairs, that required his staying at *Avignon*. The poor lady had the greatest difficulty to resolve on this journey, though she had made it several times in the same company, and

and had a sort of misgiving of what was to happen, that warned her not to go. Before she let out, she distributed considerable alms to obtain from God her preservation from a sudden death, and sufficient time to beg pardon, and cry mercy for her sins. She had been but some days in the country, when she found herself extremely disordered after eating a cream-tart; it appeared that poison had been mixed with the tart, but the cream had hindered the full effect of the poison. One would have thought this was a sufficient warning to leave the country; she did not, but fancied it was a mistake of the cook's. One Sunday she thought a little physic would be of service to her; a black and nauseous draught was sent in that she could not prevail upon herself to take, but made use of some pills she had brought down with her. After dinner she found herself extremely well; she invited some young ladies in the neighbourhood, and a very handsome collation was served up; the pills had given her a good appetite, and she eat heartily. In the evening the young ladies took their leave, and the marchioness's brothers-in-law waited upon them home. The marchioness de Ganges was fatigued; the weather was extremely hot; she put off her gown, and threw herself on the bed with a petticoat and a thin quilted waistcoat, without any thing on her head, but her beautiful hair all in tresses. She had scarce lain a quarter of an hour, when she saw her brother-in-law the clergyman come into her room; his eyes started out of his head; in one hand he had a pistol, in the other a glass of poison. You must die, madam, said he; take your choice. Ah! dear brother, said she, joining her hands; what have I done to you? why will you kill me? as she said this, in comes the other brother-in-law, the knight,

knight with a drawn sword. At first she fondly imagined he came to her assistance; she was deceived; he held the point of the sword to her throat, and forced her to take the poison. As the thickest part of the draught lay at the bottom of the glass, these brutes took a stick to bring the dregs to the top of the glass; she was under a necessity to take what was left; but she did not swallow this last; she seemed to sink into her bed, and spit it out between the sheets. The unhappy victim, seeing now the evil past all remedy, begged of the inhuman executioners, that they would have mercy on her soul, and let her at least have a confessor to assist her; they consented and took care after they went out to lock the chamber door.

The marchioness being now alone, endeavoured to make her escape, and as the window from her apartment, that opened towards the stables, was not very high, she threw herself into the court. Had she waited a moment longer it would have been too late. The clergyman sent for to assist her in quality of a confessor, and who undoubtedly was in the plot with the two barbarians, her brothers-in-law, came soon enough to catch hold of her petticoat, which helped to keep her up strait, so as to light on her feet without hurt. This wicked man threw a flower-pot after her, which had it reached must have mashed her head to pieces.

The first thing the poor marchioness did was to cram her hair down her throat in order to vomit, and to cast up the poison, which she easily did, having eat so plentifully before. The poison was so quick and active, that a pig died of eating what she had cast up. She then begged of a young man, that belonged to the stables to save her life, by letting her out at a back door that opened into the street,

street. He took her up in his arms, and set her down out of the door, whence she ran quite dishevelled, and half naked through the village to the parsonage, where she found all the ladies that had been at collation with her at the manor. They all screamed out at the sight of the marchioness in this distressed situation. She had but just time to tell them, that she was poisoned, and that her brothers-in-law were in pursuit of her. The clergyman stood at the entrance with a pistol, and said, whoever offered to come in he would blow their brains out; the knight went up stairs, saying, the marchioness was gone distracted, and that he would not suffer her to be seen in that condition. This had an air of probability with it; meanwhile one of the ladies, who had some *Venice* treacle about her, gave the marchioness very large bits of it from time to time. The poor lady, whose bowels were all on fire with this hot poison, asked for a little water to drink, and the knight carried his cruel barbarity so far as to break the glass between her teeth. Notwithstanding this last instance of inhumanity, she resolved upon a last effort to move him to compassion, she desired to speak to him in private. She crept into the room next to that where the company were; here she threw herself at his feet; *dear brother*, said she, *it is yet time to repair your fault; I promise, as I hope to be saved, never to reveal what has happened; no one is yet informed of it; and I will say with you, that I have had a fit of madness.* Whilst she spoke, he looked at her with eyes full of rage and fury. and instead of answering, he fell upon her, run her through and through with his sword, and would not have given over, but for his sword being broke in her body. The cries of the marchioness alarmed all the ladies in the next room; they ran to her, but not

one had the courage to stop the knight, who told his brother, that all was over, and nothing remained but to provide for their own safety.

In the mean time some of the ladies endeavoured to assist the marchioness, whilst others cried out at the windows, *help and murder*. The magistrate of the township ordered a score of men to take arms, and placed them before the house; this precaution proved a very proper measure; for the knight hearing that his sister-in-law was not yet dead, came back to give her the finishing stroke, but retired on finding the house so well guarded. Whilst they waited for a surgeon, the women endeavoured to get the stump of the sword, that was lodged in her shoulder, the brave marchioness advised one of them to rest her knee against her back, and to pull away, which succeeded. The surgeon, who came that instant, searched all the wounds, and declared none of them mortal; and if the poison could be overcome, gave hopes of saving the unfortunate lady's life. But the poison was too violent, and antidotes came too late; a violent fever and exquisite sharp pains in her bowels shewed clearly, that the evil was past all remedy. Several messengers were dispatched to acquaint her mother, her husband, and her children, with her present situation. The marquis her husband, instead of setting out immediately, loitered a whole day at *Avignon*, telling every one, he met the sad accident, as if he had been in real concern. When the marquis came, the marchioness's mother, who had some reason to judge him an accomplice in the crime with his brothers, would not suffer him to come into her dying daughter's chamber, but the injured sufferer had sacrificed her life to God and all resentment; she would see her husband, she held out her hand

to him, and did all that was possible to persuade the world by her behaviour, that she thought him innocent. She survived some days, and spent them in earnestly recommending to her mother and her children, not to harbour any thought of revenging her death, assuring them withal, that she freely forgave her murderers. With these truly Christian sentiments, she gave up her soul to her Creator. The body was opened, and the bowels were found quite destroyed by the force of the poison.

Lady *Mary*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, can this be a true story? I cannot believe, that there could be men capable of such wicked actions; I should sooner think they were fiends from hell.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is very true, ladies, that these excesses of barbarity are not easy to be imagined. But be pleased to reflect on the first cause of this ill-fated lady's misfortunes. Her inclination to the world and diversions, her want of complaisance to her husband, the contradictions, which followed of course, brought on the hatred which the husband conceived against his wife. Hatred spirited her up to revenge, and to make a will that reflected shame on her husband; he on his side apprehending, that she might alter the second will he had prevailed on her to make, without doubt formed the design of employing his brothers, as proper instruments to make away with a woman, who had forfeited his friendship; for it was generally believed those two brutes acted under his orders. However, I don't pretend to vindicate his behaviour; he was a monster; all I pretend to say is, that she might perhaps have avoided these misfortunes, had she condescended to the terms he proposed to her. A husband is in the wrong, where he requires too much of a wife; but a woman

man is certainly to blame, who will not condescend to the oddities of a husband. When she marries she must be thoroughly persuaded, that she gives herself up to a master, and must sacrifice to him all her humours, fancies, and the most innocent inclinations, if he is brute enough to require it.

Miss Frivolous. You were saying, madam, that you loved people, that gave their opinion on points in conversation; give me leave to tell you, madam, that at this rate, a young lady with a share of common sense can never think of marrying. To me it should seem, that in a married state the duties and obligations are reciprocal; and that a husband is as much obliged to complacency with regard to a wife, as a wife to a husband.

Mrs. Affable. It should be so indeed, miss; but generally speaking is not. In this case a wife must take to her share all the burthen of complaisance, or resolve to be unhappy for life; perpetual contradictions must end in hatred; and what can it be but an anticipation of hell to be tied for life to a man you detest?

Lady Louisa. Pray, *Mrs. Affable*, would she be happier with a husband, to whose freaks she must every instant give up even what is most innocent?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, she would, my dear; lions and tygers are tamed at last; a man must be of a fiercer nature, than those animals not to be gained by a complying, prudent, and discreet wife. But let us suppose such a brute in nature of that odd and excentric turn, as not to be affected by the kind and friendly behaviour of a good wife, she has this pleasure left, that she cannot reproach herself on any account. Believe me, ladies, no one can be unhappy, that knows he has discharged his duty.

Lady

Lady *Witty*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, where was the harm of the poor marchioness's taking very inoffensive diversions? Did not she tell the marquiss he was at liberty to frequent the same assemblies, and to observe her conduct?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is not enough for a lady to be, she must appear, virtuous. The public inspects and examines the behaviour of a young person; and if she be handsome and beautiful, she cannot be too much upon her guard. She may depend upon no friendship from all the women, that are not so agreeable as herself; jealousy turns them into so many enemies, always attentive to every step that is taken, and which is sure to be perverted by the most unfavourable construction. If they remark a particular bent to the world and diversions, and discover, that it is not agreeable to her husband, their tongues are immediately let loose. They decide that a woman, who is indifferent to please her husband, is not unwilling to please some other person, and is assiduous at all assemblies in quest of that other. This is frequently a great piece of injustice; but it is the world; and since it is above our skill to reform it, we must submit to that way of life, which will be out of the reach even of malice.

Miss *Rural*. Oh blessed retreat! I can, without any apprehension or fear of weak and silly talk, enjoy all innocent pleasures. Pardon this exclamation, Mrs. *Affable*; but all that I hear of what is called the *grand monde* gives me such a dread, that but for the desire I have to make an advantage of your lessons, I would this moment return to the solitude of the country, there to spend all my days.

Lady

Lady Lucy. I am very much of your opinion; miss; but there are some points of duty, which must take place of our inclinations.

Mrs. Affable. Much may be said, ladies, on this subject; but, besides that it is very late, several lessons are yet to be repeated. We will resume this conversation some other time; and now we must go about our stories.

Lady Mary. My lesson, Mrs. Affable, to my thoughts was quite comical. Whilst I was getting my task, I laughed like a mad creature; however I will endeavour to be very serious. There was a great dearth in the land of *Israel*, and the sons of the Prophets came to mount *Carmel*. *Elisba* said to his servants, *set on the great pot and seeth pottage for the sons of the prophets*. One of the servants in obedience to his master went into the field to gather herbs with a son of the prophets, who handsomely offered his assistance. He was but a poor gardener, and brought in his lap full of gourds, which he shred into the pot; this wild gourd is as bitter as you can imagine. When the pottage was ready, those who were the sharpest set fell on; they had no sooner tasted it, but they made very ugly faces, and spit it out, for they could not eat this sort of mess. They cried out, *O thou man of God, there is death in the pot*. *Elisba* ordered his servant to bring some flour; he threw some into the pot, and the pottage lost all its bitterness, and was thought very good. As they were about the pottage, a charitable person brought twenty loaves of barley to *Elisba*. The prophet bid his servant distribute this bread to his guests, but he replied, *What should I set this before an hundred men?* Give it as you are bid, said the prophet, *for, thus saith the Lord, they shall eat, and they shall leave thereof*.

thereof. The event verified the prediction; they were all satisfied, and some was left.

Lady Charlotte. Pray, what is barley bread? is it better than what we eat?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear! It is made with barley, is very coarse, and is only eaten by the poorer sort.

Lady Charlotte. It must be owned, that the prophet treated very meanly those that came to see him. Bitter pottage! Barley bread! As he might have what he wished, why did he not pray to God for a better dinner to regale his company.

Mrs. Affable. This is really pleasant and singular. Can you imagine, my dear, that God would have wrought a miracle to please their palate? No indeed; but he employs his almighty power to provide the poor with necessaries; and will not make use of miracles to bestow on them, that plenty, which would turn out so much to their prejudice. Dainty fare, fine clothes, treasures are only esteemed as good things by the proud, the vain, the greedy and the slothful. God sets so little a value upon this sort of good things, that he frequently allots them to the wicked; he reserves for his friends patience in their poverty, sicknesses, and under many affronts, faith, hope, and charity, and all virtues which are the wealth of the soul.

Miss Molly. Nevertheless he bestowed very great riches on *Abraham*, who was his friend.

Mrs. Affable. Because *Abraham* had made a generous sacrifice of them to God, by leaving his country, and the house of his father. A man so faithful to God as to sacrifice at his command what was most dear to him, his only son, would hardly fix his heart on perishable wealth. Upon this account, God who foresees all that is to come, and

knows

knows it as well as what is present gave him riches, which he foreknew *Abraham* would not misuse but employ in good actions.

Lady Sensible. Then it often is very happy to be born poor.

Mrs. Affable. It is certain, my dear, that the poor have not so many occasions of sinning as the rich; but these on the other side, if they please, are in the occasion of practising many and great virtues. But besides you may be poor with a hundred thousand pounds a year, and a wicked rich man with ten pounds, nay with ten shillings.

Lady Mary. How so, *Mrs. Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Mind what I am going to say, ladies. One day a young man asked of *Jesus Christ* what he should do to inherit eternal life. Keep the commandments, our Saviour answered. *All these*, said the young man, *I have kept from my youth up.* *Jesus* beholding him, loved him, *Sell that thou hast*, our Lord said, *and give to the poor; and come and follow me.* When the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful; instead of following this advice; for he had great possessions. Then said *Jesus* unto his disciples, *Verily I say unto you, that . . . it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.* Now as a camel, who far exceeds an ox in size, cannot go thorough the eye of a needle, in the same manner a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven; this is certain for *Jesus Christ*, who cannot deceive us, has declared this truth with the strongest asseverations.

Lady Lucy. You frighten me so, *Mrs. Affable*, that were I of age, and could dispose of my fortune and estate, I would immediately sell all, and give it to the poor.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. It is not I, but the gospel, that frightens you, my dear. But take courage, whilst you continue in this disposition, that is, whilst you find yourself ready to sacrifice the wealth of this world to the safety of your soul, you will be truly poor in the sense of the gospel. When our blessed Lord declares, that a rich man cannot enter into his kingdom; he means the rich, who have a greater value for their wealth, than for him, and would not upon occasion sacrifice the good things of this world to their duty; and who would not stick at very evil actions, either to increase, or to keep their substance. A man with a fortune of an hundred thousand pound a year, who is disposed to lose all, rather than commit an injustice, such a person is poor in spirit, and may hope for the kingdom of heaven. On the contrary, he that is worth ten pounds only, or ten shillings, or as many pence, would sooner be perjured, or see his neighbour starve, than run the hazard of losing this money. Such a person is a wicked rich man, and a camel will pass easier through the eye of a needle, than the other shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

Lady Witty. That explication, *Mrs. Affable*, was quite necessary; otherwise the words of *Christ* would have drove me quite distracted; for you know, madam, that I fall sole heiress to *papa*, who is extremely rich.

Mrs. Affable. Covetousness will never be imputed to you; a generous temper has been your share from your birth. Oh that you were as free from vanity, as you are from a disorderly attachment to riches. But is every one of us clear of that passion?

Miss Molly. I fear I am not, *Mrs. Affable*. *Mama* gives me here and there some shillings; I am very

very choice of them, and keep them together in a little box; I believe I have got together some three guineas.

Mrs. *Affable*. Take care, my dear, of a vicious inclination to riches. The three guineas have taken possession of your heart. You must not let them get the better of you, if they should you will contract a bad habit of loving money; when you grow up, you will grow hard hearted to the poor, you will wrong yourself and others, and lock heaven-gates against you. Though covetousness were no sin, yet it would be an inclination, which you ought carefully to reform; it is something so very mean, and a dishonour to persons of rank. The greater we are, the greater our generosity should be. Besides to love money in order to lock it up, is a degree of madness. What purpose does it serve under lock and key in a strong box. Take care, ladies, not to forget this important point. I have read *Robinson Crusoe's* adventures in English. He was shipwrecked, and came ashore on an island, where he lived twenty seven years. He had been there some years, when a ship was cast away near the shore, so that *Robinson* could go to the ship at low water. He found some gold in the captain's cabin; he threw it down in a rage, *what good, said he, will this gold do me? I can neither eat, nor drink it; it will not cloath me, nor could it cure me, were I out of order; a good provision of biscuit, or half a dozen shirts would be greatly more to the purpose.* Pray, Lady *Sensible*, give us the story of *Pythius*; it comes admirably pat to the present subject.

Lady *Sensible*. *Pythius* was a prince of *Lydia*, who had many gold mines in his small dominions. His poor subjects were used like slaves; he made them work night and day in the mines, without allowing them the least respite. His princess, who had a
very

very great share of good sense, was very desirous of reforming this passion in the prince. For tho' he possessed such quantities of gold, he was loth to spend any part of it even in necessities; and his only pleasure was to hoard it up. It happened one day, that *Pybius* had taken the diversion of hunting, and returned from the chase with a very craving appetite. The princess took care to have great chargers full of wedges of gold served in for dinner. The prince was much pleased with the sight, and gazed sometime at the gold with satisfaction. But this did not content his appetite; and he begged of the princess, that he might have something he could eat. Now, says the princess, *is not this what you like best? You jest*, says the prince, *I cannot feed on gold, and I might starve, though I had in possession all the treasures of that rich metal, which the world can afford. Therefore*, says the princess, *it must be a great folly to have so strong a passion for a thing that lies useless in your chests. Be persuaded, my dear prince, that sums locked up are not wealth, and are only of service, when they are properly exchanged for the necessities of life.* *Pybius* took the hint given him by his prudent princess. He was so altered, that he became as generous, as he had been covetous before.

Lady Louisa. But the young man mentioned in the gospel had made a good use of his substance, since Christ loved him, who would not have loved him, had he been avaricious. He could not then be a wicked rich man; and yet by the words of *Jesus Christ* it should seem as if he had lost heaven, by not renouncing his fortune. It is then necessary for salvation, that we sell all we have and give it to the poor.

Mrs. Affable. Endeavour, my dear, to understand clearly what I have to say to you on this head.

head. In the holy gospel we meet with *precepts*, and with *counsels*. Love your enemies, do good to them, share your substance with the poor, be modest, do not do that evil to others which you would not have them do to you; these are *precepts*. They regard all men; not one is excepted in the whole universe from the observance of these laws, nor can any one be admitted into heaven, that does not practise these commandments. But as I have said before, besides the commandments there are counsels which are not for all, but only for persons, whom God calls to a state of the greatest perfection. *Sell all that you have and give to the poor; whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also*; if any one will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. These are called *evangelical counsels*, and many of them are read in the holy gospels.

Lady *Louisa*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, the persons whom God calls to the practice of these counsels are under much greater difficulties to work their salvation, than others. Are they not?

Mrs. *Affable*. Quite otherwise, lady. But philosophy, I mean, reason must make that out; and this point shall be discussed in our first morning's lesson.

Lady *Lucy*. And why does God call only some, and not all to the practice of the evangelical counsels?

Mrs. *Affable*. It is not the part of such poor diminutive mortals as we are to dive into the secrets of the almighty. We may, however, form some conjectures when we call to mind the words of the sacred text.

The young man had kept the commandments from his youth upwards, and upon this account *Jesus* loved him. What greater proof of his love could

could this divine saviour give, than this call to the greatest perfection? This was the reward of his fidelity in the observance of God's commandments. Besides our saviour discovered perhaps some disposition in this young man to covetousness, and which might incline him to commit some offence in that nature. Hence the favour was very great from our saviour, who advised him to part with worldly wealth, that he might be perfect, and more out of danger.

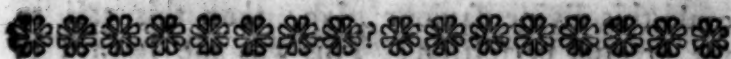
Miss Zina. Good God! *Mrs. Affable*; since this youth had not courage enough to renounce his possessions, why did not God strip him of this worldly substance against his will?

Mrs. Affable. This young man in that case might have offended by lamenting his losses, and murmuring against providence. God who created us without us will not save us without our concurrence with his grace. He called this young man, and *St. Matthew*, who was also rich. The first rejects, the second obeys his call, and quits all things. Both had the same vocation, but as they were both free, they were at liberty either to comply or to reject it as they did. But we must stop here; we have not time to go on with this subject.

Lady Lucy with a whisper to *Mrs. Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. *Miss Zina* begs of all things to come to the private conversation you are so good to allow us.

Mrs. Affable. Let her come with you, my dear; I shall receive her with pleasure.



DIALOGUE XI.

Lady LOUISA, Lady LUCY; Miss ZINA, Mrs. AFFABLE.

MRS. *Affable*, I gratefully acknowledge the singular favour you do me in admitting me to the private conference you have with these ladies. They have favoured me with an account of the subject of your last conversation. It is of the last importance, and I propose the greatest pleasure to myself in making an advantage of your useful instructions.

Mrs. *Affable*. As these ladies have informed you with what was discussed in our last conversation, we will go on if you please. Has Lady *Louisa* examined how she employs her time, as well as how she amuses and diverts herself according to the rules which I prescribed her?

Lady *Louisa*. I have, Mrs. *Affable*. The diversions I commonly take are the public shews, I mean the plays and the *operas*, balls, assemblies, gaming, taking the air, sometimes a little reading. What need of examining such things? I don't find they have any harm in their nature.

Mrs. *Affable*. What is your opinion, lady *Lucy*?

Lady *Lucy*. I cannot be of lady *Louisa's* opinion. In comedies, I find, they talk very idly. 'Tis not so in tragedies; but the best of them deliver sentiments very opposite to the spirit of christianity. There revenge is commended and approved, ambition meets with the greatest applause; in a word, Mrs. *Affable*, after the finest tragedy, I observe, that the things of God leave my heart, and are succeeded

ed by worldly maxims, which I renounced at baptism. Moreover the very *modestest* tragedy has at the beginning some epilogue not altogether so, and ends with a farce, which, commonly speaking, is downright infamous.

Mrs. *Affable*. If lady *Lucy* judge right, ladies, we must conclude, that comedies, such as are exhibited now a days, are very bad, and that the tragedies are at least dangerous. I say such comedies as are acted at this time. If the gentlemen authors would introduce proper comedies to the stage, it might become a fit school for youth. The French have several pieces, that are very well adapted to instil good morals. Such plays may be resorted to with a good conscience; but I am bold to maintain, that a person who regards his salvation, cannot be present at the other performances. I saw t'other day a company of young ladies, who went to see *Amphitryo* acted. Well! it is a scandalous play, and for my part I cannot conceive how any woman dares to appear there.

Miss *Zina*. I own, Mrs. *Affable*, I am determined never to go to any play, without knowing precisely what is to be exhibited. I was at the play-house lately with my sister, I had like to have died with shame and confusion, I was twenty times in a mind to quit the house.

Lady *Louisa*. Very probably, ladies, you are more susceptible than I am of an impression. First there are several things that may have a bad tendency, which I don't understand; in the next place those I understand are without any consequence; they come in at one ear and go out at the other.

Mrs. *Affable*. Let us be sincere, my dear. Can you persuade us, that such idle stuff as you hear at a comedy never comes into your thoughts?

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. I don't say that, Mrs. *Affable*; I should offend against truth, if I did; 'tis only driving those thoughts away, and turning one's attention to something else.

Mrs. *Affable*. Can you imagine, madam, that it is in your power always to resist bad thoughts by your own strength? can you do this without particular helps from God, and do you think, that these particular helps will be always at hand, when you expose yourself without any necessity to danger? Would you chuse to take poison daily because you have some time or other taken an antidote with success? Is there no reason to apprehend, that this antidote, which has been often of service, may fail upon some occasion, which would cost you your life? at least might not you justly apprehend that so long a habit of taking poison must affect your constitution, and bring on death? Have you ever considered seriously, that a thought only, to which you give consent, is the death of the soul? You may tell me, that you see a comedy with pleasure; but, dear madam, put this pleasure in a scale, and the trouble of resisting dangerous thoughts in another; I am sure you will find there is no comparison. You tell me moreover, that you don't understand the greatest part of that vile language; this, if so, must be very tedious; but don't you see the gestures, and the loose actions of the performers. Besides, the gentlemen, who see you at such plays, can they believe, that you don't understand what is said? Will they not on the contrary pretend a just right to entertain you with such discourses as you hear with pleasure from the actors. We are surpris'd with the insolent behaviour of men, and their loose conversation. Comedies make this stile too familiar and common. I am not for giving you any ridiculous scruple up-

on

on this matter ; speak freely. Have I exceeded in any thing I have said ?

Lady *Lucy*. I think not, Mrs. *Affable* ; and I am quite willing to renounce a diversion, which sooner or later may make me offend God.

Lady *Louisa*. I have not quite so much courage, but my resolution is taken ; I will only go to tragedies, and leave the house before the farce begins.

Miss *Zina*. Mrs. *Affable*, we are sometimes at liberty to do as we please ; but this does not always depend upon us. If mama will have me at a play she likes, must I make a preachment, and tell her, that she is in the wrong, and that I cannot in conscience accompany her to such a representation ? If a gentleman will have his lady to the playhouse on a day, for which he has engaged a party, or set of company, must she get another play acted, or must she quarrel with her husband, and refuse complying with him ?

Mrs. *Affable*. I am really surprised, ladies. Differences between husbands and wives seldom happen upon such occasions ; it is commonly otherwise ; even those mothers, who appear the least religious, are not displeased with their daughters being greatly so ; it is only to please them, that they bring them to these shews. A reasonable woman may deal with her husband as she pleases. But, in short, I will suppose, that he insists upon her accompanying him to parties of pleasure, that are dangerous (if they should be absolutely evil, there is no doubt but she must disobey) in this case a young person, a christian, instead of going with pleasure to such meetings, would appear there under the greatest terror : she would have recourse to prayer, and solid reflections for obtaining strength from heaven ; and God, who knows the heart, would give her great

and powerful graces to preserve her in dangers, to which she had not voluntarily exposed herself.

Lady Louisa. It is a sad thing to be under a necessity of giving up almost all our comedies by their fault, who have the ordering of the entertainment. I am almost in a mind to join with a good many ladies, that we may go in a body to Mr. G—rr—k, and declare, that none of us intend for the future appearing at any of his best tragedies, unless he take care that the farce, or whatever entertainment is exhibited, be modest and innocent. He has indeed, for some time had a *pantomime*, where there is no idle language; for nothing is said, but, to make up matters the subject is immoral, and the actions are suited to the subject. But what do you say of a ball, *Mrs. Affable*? Is that also evil in itself? For my part I look upon it as a wholesome exercise.

Mrs. Affable. I am against balls, but you may dance as much as you please; you have my consent to dance a whole day every week, provided you dance only among you, ladies, without any gentlemen.

Lady Louisa. That would be extreme tedious, *Mrs. Affable*, for ladies to dance together; we are got into a habit of dancing with gentlemen (a).

Mrs. Affable. *Lady Louisa* has forgot, that a ball is a necessary exercise for health. She must own, that health is only a pretext, and I must tell you, that I had rather see you at several of our comedies than at a ball. Give me your attention, ladies, and let me speak my mind freely and plainly. We come into the world weak and inclined to evil. Those only, who have not examined their hearts, and are of course strangers to their inclinations,

(a) This answer has been made to the author very frequently, and was repeated no longer ago than last year.

will dispute this truth; but it does not follow that they are without this bent to evil, because they have not discovered it in the heart, which they have overlooked; and this bent or bias of nature is a ready disposition to evil, and which does not want any help to break out. Of all the corrupt inclinations, which reign in our hearts a desire of pleasing is without dispute the most violent. Hence arises in the ladies love of dress, jealousy, pride, and sometimes there appears among these vicious fruits a vying one with another, a desire to excel, and the amendment of some grosser defects. A ball is an occasion, where this predominant passion gathers fresh strength and vigour. If we examine this desire thoroughly, we only go to a ball to satisfy this passion. But where is the harm, you will say, in desiring to please? the most circumspect person of the sex may go in pursuit of this advantage, if she has not any particular person in view, that she seeks to please. Let it be so, though even this is far from truth. Can you, ladies, tell me sincerely, can you think, that among a crowd of gentlemen, whom you desire to please there will be none that shall please you? Still you will urge this is no crime. We are of age to settle in the world, and it is very proper, that some one please us to enter upon a married state.

Well and good, ladies! and for that very reason, were it in my power not one of you should ever go to a ball.

Lady *Louisa*. I don't very well understand this way of arguing, Mrs. *Affable*. You agree with us, that, to enter upon a married state, we must find a person that pleases us. You would do better if you owned, that a ball is the only occasion, where one may discover and know the tempers of

persons ; there is commonly less restraint at a ball, and there generally begin acquaintances, which end in a marriage. Pray don't think, that I am at all desirous of being married. I am very happy as I am, and, if I may determine for myself I don't think of settling, till I am two and twenty years of age. I talk in general only, and in favour of a diversion, which I am pleased with.

Mrs. Affable. Now tell me, my dear, who are they that are constantly at balls ?

Lady Louisa. All that are fond of diversions.

Mrs. Affable. But is it among this set of men, that you are to find rational persons ?

Lady Louisa. Why not ? am I not rational, tho' I am fond of balls ?

Mrs. Affable. If I said you was not, my dear, you would look upon me as very unequitable ; but if I prove it, what will you say then ? Consider yourself, first as a christian, and next as a rational being ; and you will see, that in both those points of view you must of necessity condemn balls.

Miss Zina. I confess, *Mrs. Affable*, that a ball does not appear in my judgment to carry with it any opposition to christianity.

Lady Lucy. To me it seems very contrary to reason. For instance, I spend a night at a ball, and during the whole time the mind is taken up with my eyes and feet ; I make no use of my reason, and I become a mere piece of mechanism, that looks about and dances. Reason has no share here, and the whole night is lost. The day that preceded the ball was employed no better. The whole time was taken up in dressing. If I consider next the time after the ball is over, that is still worse. I get home so much tired and spent, that there is no talking of prayer before bed-time ; but if I de-

fire

fire to say my prayers, I either fall asleep, or am taken up with what I have seen. The morning is spent in sleeping, or I awake with my head full of the diversion of the night past; my morning prayers are affected with the same thoughts, as well as every other exercise; and I am two or three days, before I can recover the ball. It does not end here. If I get into a habit of loving balls, when I come to be my own mistress, I shall be for frequenting them, as often as I can. If I yield to this passion, reason has no part in above half my life, the blood will be heated, and health destroyed by the unseasonable hours of rest. Whilst I sleep, my children, if I have any, the servants are under no rule, I cannot keep any order in the family; that must be left to a housekeeper; and I must take upon me the guilt of all the faults committed at my house. If I should take a resolution to keep from balls, I shall be quite miserable upon those days I am absent, or rather in spite of my resolution I shall go to avoid that distress; for a bad habit is almost sure to prevail.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very little can be added to what lady *Lucy* has said; but the little I have to say is of the last importance. Gentlemen at balls take the liberty to say many things, which they would not care to do elsewhere. The gentleman, who is your partner, looks upon you as an acquaintance, though he has never seen you before. He must keep you company, when you would rest after the fatigue of dancing. What must the conversation turn upon? your charms, his happiness in such a partner, and your graceful manner of dancing? a fine conversation indeed! but yet it is modest. The tumult of a ball, which keeps you at a distance from the ladies your mothers, exposes you to something still worse; it may happen, that your imagination,

gination, heated by that exercise, will not be so much guarded against surprise, as to perceive immediately the indecency of the language you hear. Do not flatter yourselves, ladies; a young person at a ball loses some part of a becoming timidity or bashfulness. There she gives her hand to a gentleman, she skips and figures with him; to perform genteelly she must look him in the face, and be affectedly precise, when she gives her hand. She cannot find fault, if he fix his eyes on her, and even in the boldest manner. Have I exaggerated, lady *Louisa*? Are lady *Lucy*'s remarks unjust?

Miss Zina. I was at a ball last year, and so tired when I got home, that I fell asleep, whilst I was undressing. The next morning a brother of mine came to my room. Dear sister, he said, I very much fear you went to sleep without saying your prayers. I owned, I had not so much as thought of that duty. Oh! dear sister, he said, is it possible a christian shall go to bed, uncertain, whether she shall rise again without examining, whether she shall be in a state and condition to appear in the presence of God, without recommending her soul to her creator, and without begging pardon for the offences incurred that day. His words made such an impression, that I have never fallen into the same fault since. Let me be never so sleepy; that thought keeps me awake.

Mrs. Affable. You give me a great idea of your brother. I dare say he is an enemy to balls, and such assemblies But what ails you lady *Louisa*? you look very sad.

Lady Louisa. I am really as I look; I still repeat what I said lately; it is very disagreeable to give up all pleasures; you promised me other pastimes in lieu of those; pray point them out with all
the

the dispatch that is possible, I want to be acquainted with those better diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray ask lady *Lucy*, whether time has hung heavy on her hands for these two months past, that she has forsaken most of these frivolous amusements.

Lady *Lucy*. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, and I may venture to assure lady *Louisa*, that I have never been so happy in my life.

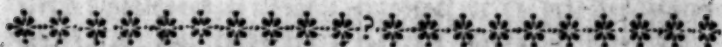
Lady *Louisa*. Do, my dear friend, tell me out of charity how you spend your time. When I have renounced all these diversions, I shall certainly find the days intolerably long.

Lady *Lucy*. And I, my dear, find them so short, that I have not half the time I could wish and employ. I rise some time before eight; half a quarter goes in dressing. At eight I say my prayers, and make some reflections, or a sort of meditation.

Lady *Louisa*. What are these reflections, or this sort of meditation?

Lady *Lucy*. I will tell you, ladies, but don't imagine they are mine. They were suggested by Mrs. *Affable*; she put me into a method of spending my time which makes me find it so short.

Mrs. *Affable*. You tell my secrets, my dear; that is not fair. But I hear the young ladies coming; this conversation must be put off to some other time.



DIALOGUE XII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE did not go through with our stories last time, and we forgot geography. We must begin with those.

Miss Molly. The general of the king of Syria's armies was called *Naaman*. He was very dear to his sovereign as being an expert commander, and a person of great worth; but he laboured under a great misfortune; he was a leper, that is, he was covered with a horrible scab from head to foot. There was an *Israelite* maid at *Naaman's* house, that had been taken and brought off a captive; as she met with very good usage, she wished her master well, and very much compassionated the melancholy condition to which she saw him reduced. I am sure, said she one day to her mistress, that the prophet *Elisba* would cure my master, if he would go to him. *Naaman* acquainted the king with this; that prince gives him a letter, whereby he begs of the king of *Israel* to cure *Naaman* of his leprosy. The king of *Israel* upon receiving the letter rent his garments, as it was then the custom, when persons were under great trouble. Am I God, said he, to have power of healing the sick? It is very plain, that the king of *Syria* only seeks a pretext for a quarrel. *Elisba* hearing this sends a message to the king of *Israel* to this purport, Why hast thou rent thy clothes, let the man come to me and he shall know, that there is a pro-

prophet of the true God in *Israel*. *Naaman* came to the door of *Elisba's* house, the prophet sent him word by a messenger to go and wash seven times in the *Jordan*. *Naaman* was greatly provoked, and said, I thought he would have come out to me, and called on the name of his God, and touched the leprosy. Have not we as good rivers in *Syria* as the *Jordan*? He was going off in great wrath, when one of his servants said, Father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing thou shouldest have done it. Why wilt thou refuse to do a thing that is so easy. *Naaman* thought his servants judged well, and having bathed seven times in the *Jordan*, was cured of his leprosy. Then he came to give thanks to the prophet, and brought him most noble presents, and made a promise that he would worship no other gods but the god of *Israel*. *Elisba*, though very poor, as you have seen, would not receive any gift from *Naaman*, which displeased the prophet's servant. After *Naaman* went, the covetous servant followed him, and said, Lord, two sons of prophets, that are very poor, are come to my master's, who bid me run after *Naaman*, and beg some money, and two changes of garments for them. *Naaman* gave him what he asked, and the prophet's servant concealed the money and garments in a secret place. When *Elisba* saw him, whence comest thou, said the prophet? thy servant, he answered, went no whither. Went not mine heart with thee, when thou receivedst the money and the clothes? keep them. But the leprosy of *Naaman* shall cleave to thee, and thy posterity for ever, and the servant went from his presence immediately, covered with a leprosy in punishment of his covetousness, his thieving and lying.

Mrs. *Affable*. You see what an ugly vice covetousness is. The prophet's servant, for the sake of money, becomes a thief and a liar. It is a passion of a different character from others; and instead of abating, as they do, encreases with age. Go on, lady *Charlotte*, and after our stories I will relate to you the disastrous death of two misers in our days.

The king of *Syria*, who designed to ruin the kingdom of *Israel*, frequently sent troops that way upon enterprizes against the *Israelites*, but for the most part they were not attended with success; for the prophet *Elisba* gave notice of their designs to the king of *Israel* to be upon his guard. The king of *Syria*, seeing all his designs discovered, thought he was betrayed by some of his subjects. His servants assured him of their fidelity; but don't you know, said they, that the prophet *Elisba* knows every word you say, though even to yourself in your apartment. The king, to be revenged of *Elisba*, sent a great number of soldiers to take him in a town where he was. The sight of such numbers threw *Elisba's* servant into great frights, but don't you see, said *Elisba*, that those who defend us, exceed them greatly in number? With that he begged of God to open the eyes of his servant, who, that instant beheld the mountain covered with horses and flaming chariots. At the same time God at the instance of the prophet dazzled the eyes of those who came to take him; and *Elisba* speaking to them, follow me, said he, I will lead you to a place, where you will find the person you seek. They followed: he brought them to *Samaria*, the capital of the kingdom of *Israel*. There their eyes were opened, and they were struck with the greatest dread to see themselves among their enemies, and in their power. The king of *Israel*

Israel advised with *Elisba*, *shall I*, Said he to the prophet, *smite them*? No, answered he; but set meat and drink before them. These servants of the king of *Syria* returned to their master, and reported the kind treatment they had met with; which affected him so much, that the *Israelites* continued some time unmolested.

During these transactions the sons of the prophets, who had gathered in great numbers on mount *Carmel* to *Elisba*, and were streightened for lodgings near him, begged that he would accompany them to cut down timber for the building of some huts. The prophet consented, and one of them having dropt his axe-head into the water, came under a great deal of trouble to acquaint him with his misfortune. What grieved him more was, that the axe did not belong to him, but had been borrowed. The man of God comforted him, and asking him where it fell, he cut down a stick, which he cast in, and the iron swam.

Mrs. *Affable*. Please to take notice, ladies, that the best way to disarm our enemies is to return good for evil. Had *Elisba* consented to the destruction of those persons, he would have failed of procuring that respite of war for the *Israelites*.

Moreover, pray remark the providence of God over his servants. Were our eyes opened we should perceive, that God incompasses us on all sides with his helps to guard us against infinite dangers, which threaten us from all quarters. How many dreadful accidents have we escaped under his protection? This will appear at the day of judgment.

Lady *Mary*. Mrs. *Affable*, you promised us a story.

Mrs. *Affable*. It is about one *Monsieur Tardieu*, who was a magistrate and a judge. I make free

with the man's name, because the story is publickly known. He was covetous to excess, and desired to be married. Beauty, youth and virtue was not thought on by him; he wanted a woman that was rich, and as griping as himself. He found one to his mind; for there never was, I believe, such a pinch-penny; the husband compared to her might be thought a generous person. With this wife he was absolutely ruined; a volume would not suffice to describe their sordidness and dirty actions. She began with turning all the servants out of doors; and then contrived all sorts of means to get or to save money. Instead of administering he sold justice; the guilty, if they were but rich, were sure to be acquitted. His temper was well known, and whoever had a bad cause made him handsome presents. She had once two turkeys brought her; she kept the less; the larger and heavier was sent to market to be sold; but guess at the excess of her despair, when she was informed, that the counsel, who sent her the turkey she had sold, had stuffed it well with gold; she was like to have gone quite distracted. She stole whatever she could lay her hands on, and could not go into a pastry-cook's without carrying off some biskets at least. The pastry-cook to come even with her, saving your favour, put a vomit into a bisket, which he took care should be left in her way. It had its proper effect, and made her very sick. She contrived petticoats for herself out of the *Satin-theses* * presented to her husband. I have

* The following note may be of service to the young ladies in England for the understanding of what is meant by *Satin-Theses*. In public disputes whether on points of philosophy or divinity, which are frequent in universities, colleges, &c. abroad, the heads or articles of sciences, that are to be maintained and made good by a young scholar, or candidate to

have told you already, that she had parted with all her servants, and lived alone with her husband; she had secret locks to every door, which they only knew how to open; an useless precaution, which did not prevent their disastrous end. Thieves found their way into the house, and murdered her and her husband: but, as they were unacquainted with the locks, could not get out. They were found in one of the chimnies; where they endeavoured to conceal themselves, but their punishment did not restore life to those wretched misers, whom no one pitied.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable*, you told us in our last lesson, that prince *Pythius* had mines of gold. Pray what is meant by mines?

Mrs. *Affable*. You see, my dear; on the upper visible part or surface of the earth, trees, fruits, flowers, and grass growing. Well! within the earth metals are formed, among which gold is the most precious and most perfect.

Lady Mary. How, Mrs. *Affable*, are guineas found in the ground like cabbages in a garden!

Mrs. *Affable*. Not quite so; my dear, at first the gold is found mixed with earth. When a discovery is made of a gold mine, or when there is

shew his proficiency, or to be admitted to some degree, the points to be debated are printed, and distributed to the persons invited to the dispute, but for choice friends, whom they desire to distinguish, they are printed on *satins*. They are called *theses*, and out of the presents of this kind *Monsieur Tardieu's* notable wife found herself petticoats. The language of the *theses* is generally latin. *Boileau*, who also relates this story, says, Satyr X.

... son jupon bigarré de latin
Qu'ensemble composoient trois *theses* de latins.
In English:

And *Theses* three printed on *Satin*
Made her a petticoat of *Latin*.

3 pro

a probable guess, that there is one to be found, deep holes or pits are made, where they let down men, who are often buried under the earth, that shrinks down upon them. They draw up several baskets of the earth, that is mixt with gold, which they understand how to separate from each other. The gold is carried to the mint to be coined into guineas.

Miss Bella. Lord! *Mrs. Affable*, the poor people employed in the mines are greatly to be pitied.

Lady Witty. Those that go to the bottom of the sea for pearls have still greater hardships. I read some time ago, that they meet with large fishes, that devour them.

Lady Mary. That must be a banter, madam; can there be a fish big enough to devour a man?

Mrs. Affable. There are such indeed, my dear; there are fishes as large as this room, others as big as a house; those are whales; but they do no mischief to the poor fishers for pearls. There are many others not near that size, but extremely dangerous. The shark, for instance, is not bigger than a calf; but his teeth are as sharp as razors, and at once bites off a leg or a thigh of a man. 'Tis very happy that they are seen coming at a distance. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveller, told me, that being at sea in a great calm, he took a fancy to bathe. He was let down into the sea, and held by a rope. He descried immediately one of these cruel animals; he just had time to give a sign to be hoisted, that is, to be drawn up by the rope. When he was out of the water, and almost on board, the shark sprung up into the air to catch his leg, which very luckily he missed.

Lady

Lady Charlotte. I used to be concerned for the fish taken by fishers. 'Twas a pity, thought I, to kill them poor creatures, that did no harm; but now any one has my consent to destroy them; it will not give me the least trouble.

Miss Rural. We have large ponds about us at home, and they often fish there. The first time I saw this sport I burst out into tears with seeing the poor fish struggling and tossing about in the grass before they died; but this thought came into my head. They fish with a line and hook, baited with a worm, or a little fish; well! thought I, if the larger fish had spared their small neighbours, they had a chance to escape; their cruelty to their fellow creatures is the cause of their being taken; they don't deserve pity. From that time I learned to fish without any concern for those I catch. The larger sort, who prey upon the less, deserve to meet with those, that will eat them in their turn.

Lady Witty. That is but just; but to return to our fishers for pearls they are brought up from their youth to hold their breath, and are called *divers*. After they are used to bear being sometime under water without breathing, they are provided with a basket that hangs before them; they slip a rope under both their arms; a cord is tied to one hand; the other end of this last is fixed to a bell on the side of the boat. Thus equipt they are let down into the bottom of the sea, where they make all the dispatch they can to fill their baskets with oysters. When they are full, or when they cannot hold their breath any longer, they ring the bell, and are drawn up, after which they go down again. What is very particular, is that, as some say, they can tell by feeling, whether there be any large pearl within, and that sometimes they open the oysters and swallow the pearls.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I have been told the same, but I think it is hardly credible; or, if true, the folly of men is beyond imagination, who set no value on life, when they are bent upon enriching themselves; it is certain they run a very great hazard of being smothered whilst they are opening the oysters. Miss *Sophy*, we shall be glad to hear your story.

Miss *Sophy*. The *Israelites* after a short-lived peace with the *Syrians*, saw the war break out afresh; and the king of *Syria* laid siege to *Samaria*. Provisions were so scarce as to bring on an incredible famine; the head of an ass sold for four-score pieces of silver, and a small measure of pigeons dung for five.

As the king of *Israel* was passing by one day on the wall a poor woman begged of him to do her justice. What wrong has been done to you, says the king? Lord, she answered, this woman my neighbour, and I agreed to eat our children. My son was boiled yesterday, and I gave her half; she has hid her son to day, and refuses to give me the half of him, as we had agreed. The king, struck with horror, rent his garments; and the people saw that he had a sackcloth within upon his flesh, to deprecate the just severity of an offended God. He ought, instead of wearing sackcloth, to have renounced his evil ways; but this was far from his thoughts; on the contrary, he fell into an excess of rage, and vowed under the strongest imprecations against himself, he would take off *Elisba's* head. As he was about to execute his wicked design, *Elisba*, who sat at home with the elders, said to them, do not you know, that this son of a murderer has sent to take away mine head? the king followed the person he sent, and the prophet spoke in the name of the Lord to this effect. To-

morrow

tomorrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, at the gate of *Samaria*. A lord who waited upon the king, said to *Elisha*, unless God should make windows in heaven to pour down provisions, it is impossible. *Elisha* took him up with this prediction, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.

Mean while God alarmed the *Syrians* with the noise of many chariots and horses, upon which, as they concluded, that a powerful army was coming to the relief of *Samaria*, they retired with great precipitation, and abandoned their baggage and ammunition. Not one remained in their camp; but this event was not yet known in the town. In those days lepers were not permitted to live in towns, but were obliged to stay without the gates. Four lepers, almost famished, took a resolution to deliver themselves up to the *Syrians*; it was better they thought to be dispatched by the *Syrians*, than to die of hunger. Their surprise was great, when they found the camp forsaken by the enemy; and after they had eat and drank they took what pleased them most, and laid it by privately. They soon began to feel a remorse for not imparting this agreeable piece of intelligence to the people of *Samaria*; they returned to the town; and as it was night it was thought proper to wake the king. He thought at first this might be a flight of the *Syrians* to draw them into an ambuscade, and to be better informed, he sent off two men on horseback. No more could be spared, the rest having been eat up, so that only five horses remained alive. The two men that were dispatched found the roads entirely covered with cloths, and other things, which the *Syrians* had thrown away to fly the faster, and brought this

this account to the king. The people crowded from *Samaria* to the enemies camp; but to prevent disorders at the gate, the king commanded the lord, who doubted of *Elisba's* prediction, to take his post there. He saw the great quantity of provisions that was brought in, and sold very cheap, but never tasted of it, for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died. Thus was accomplished the prophesy which the lord had made by his servant.

Miss Bella. This story makes one's hair stand on end. What? a mother eat her child?

Miss Sophy. I have heard, Mrs. *Affable*, that there are nations who kill their parents, when they are aged, and then eat them; is it true?

Mrs. Affable. The *Iroquese*, a nation of *North America*, had that custom, but have now laid it aside. Don't think children, that this was done out of any ill-will. Far from it; when the Europeans came amongst them; and they were informed, that we let old people live, and buried them after their death, they thought us very cruel. What barbarity, they said, to let those suffer the infirmities of age, and then to put them into a hole for a prey to worms? We have, they went on, a far greater affection for our parents; we spare them all the inconveniencies of a decrepit old age; and we find them a grave in our stomachs. Eating our parents recalls to us the memory of their celebrated actions, we transfuse their courage into ourselves and our posterity.

Lady Mary. When I was a very little one, Mrs. *Affable* would joke with me, and propose my being a queen among those good people.

Mrs. Affable. It was never meant to laugh at you, my dear; I was endeavouring to discover how you was disposed in mind, and I was a good

deal

deal edified with what I observed. Yes indeed, ladies, I told my dear little *Mary*, that the queens in that country were only cloathed with skins or hides, their necklaces were strings of shells, they often lay in the snow, and were over and above very poorly fed. I assure you, that all this did not in the least put her out of conceit, and she was willing to take up with all these inconveniencies, provided it would be a means to make the true God known among those poor people, and to bring them to live in society among one another.

Miss Molly. Don't they know, that there is a God; don't they behold the heavens and this earth, can they think, that all these fine things were made without a God?

Mrs. Affable. You reason very well, my dear; the most barbarous nations are struck with the sight and consideration of this beautiful universe, and have perfectly understood, that men not being in any capacity to construct this admirable fabric, there must necessarily be some superior being man, to whom their respect and adoration was due. Every nation has framed different ideas in this regard. The *Peruvians*, as well as *Mexicans*, adored the sun. The *Iroquese* and other savages of *North America* agree, that there is a great genius, that has made all things, and him they adore. They believe that there are several other inferior geniuses, whom they call *Manitous*, among whom some are good, others bad. But, which is very singular, they honour much more the evil geniuses, than the good, and make many presents to the former.

Lady Violent. That is mighty ridiculous; what reason have they for it, *Mrs. Affable*?

Mrs. Affable. The same reason as some people in *Asia*, who pray to, and honour the devil much more

more than God, though they have an idea of a deity. God is so good, they say, that he does not want our prayers to be very good to us; it is his nature to be so. Whereas the devil being extremely malicious, he must be kept in temper, and disarmed by our prayers and presents, without which he would certainly follow his predominant inclination, which always disposes him to mischief us.

Miss Bella. Do the *Iroquese* believe a hell and a heaven?

Mrs. Affable. They believe the soul to be immortal, and that after death the soul goes into a large and extended country, where it is to be treated as the works of this life have deserved. Their souls, who have led good lives, will find in this country all sorts of animals and fish, so that they may hunt and fish at pleasure. Here they are to have very great entertainments and feasts, with much singing and dancing. They are passionately fond of music and dances; and as they spend their days in hunting and fishing, all these things constitute the happiness of another life. When an *Iroquese* dies, his bow and arrows, with other particulars, which they think he may want in another world, are buried with the deceased. They have a sort of priests*, who are called jugglers;

these

* Charlevoix in his 6th Vol. 25th letter, says thus, " Ils ne sont pas néanmoins (les jongleurs) les ministres de ses dieux prétendus, que pour annoncer aux hommes leurs volontés et pour être leurs interprètes: car si l'on peut donner le nom de sacrifice aux offrandes, que ces peuples font à leurs divinités, les prêtres parmi eux ne sont jamais les jongleurs: dans les cérémonies publiques ce sont les chefs, et dans les domestiques ce sont ordinairement les pères de famille, ou à leur défaut le plus considérable de de la cabane. Mais la principale occupation des jongleurs . . . c'est la médecine, &c. They (the jugglers) are not

how-

these are sent for, when any one is sick, to drive the evil *manitou*, or genius from the patient. The juggler uses many contorsions, makes wry faces; and if the sick recover, the poor people are very grateful, and make the juggler many and great presents.

Lady *Violent*. You can't imagine, dear Mrs. *Affable*, how desirous I am to be informed of the manners of all these nations. Pray let us hear all that you know about them.

Mrs. *Affable*. They live in villages, that is, a certain number of savages build cabins near each other. After this they chuse a chief from among those, who have distinguished themselves in the wars.

Miss *Sophy*. Whom are they at war with?

Mrs. *Affable*. *North America* alone is of a prodigious extent, and no one has yet seen the end of it. This great and vast country is full of woods and lakes, and inhabited by an infinity of nations, all different from each other in their looks and appearance. Some are white as we are; others have an olive complexion. Some have their heads flat, others sharp and pointed. They are continually at war, and carry it on so cruelly, that it ends in the destruction of their nations. They kill their prisoners, but they don't wait for death to roast them, which they do whilst they

however ministers of those pretended deities, only to declare their will to men, and to be their interpreters, for if the name of sacrifice may be applied to the offerings made to their gods, the jugglers among them are not their priests; but in public be emonies, their chiefs; in private, the head of the family; or for want of such-a-one the most considerable person of the cabin. The chief employ of the jugglers is the practice of physick.

are yet living, and by a slow fire, where they suffer a long time before they die.

Lady *Mary*. How can they have the heart to hear the cries of those poor wretches so cruelly tormented?

Mrs. *Affable*. Those that are roasted make no outcries, my dear; they would disgrace themselves, and be esteemed cowards. On the contrary they make an *extempore* song (this they call their *death-song*;) wherein they set forth all their exploits, and how many they have roasted of the same nation, who have now brought them to the stake; they continue singing as long as life remains, and the women and children take a pleasure in adding to their torment, as if the fire was not a sufficient pain. Sometimes there are prisoners, who have the good luck to avoid this barbarous usage. A savage woman, that has lost her son in battle, is at liberty to chuse one among the prisoners, who is looked upon as her son, who has adopted him.

Lady *Violent*. They that sing whilst they are roasting, were certainly brought up by the *Lacedemonians*. Do you remember, Mrs. *Affable*, the child that stole the fox-cub.

Mrs. *Affable*. I remember it perfectly well, but as some of these ladies may not have heard that story, I beg you will favour us with it, and as often as you call to mind any such, that comes par to the purpose, it will be of great use to perfect you in speaking French.

Lady *Violent*. Had I known as much I would now and then have thrown in a story; for instance, when you talked to us of the *Iroquese*, who kill their parents to prevent their suffering the inconveniences of old age, it put me in mind of that excellent receipt for the colick you taught me

two years ago. I will begin with the child at *Sparta*, and then repeat the other.

In *Sparta* the children were allowed coming in to publick eating houses, and to carry off what they pleased, if they could do it without being discovered; if they were caught they were sure of being despised, which they dreaded more than death. One day a youth stole a fox-cub, and hid it under his garment. The animal, being very uneasy under his confinement, tore the lad's belly in a most dreadful manner. You can easily guess, ladies, that he must be under the greatest pain; he never once cried out, and fell down dead without the least sign of any complaint.

Miss *Molly*. A pretty country that of *Sparta*, where children were brought up to thieving; no one could be secure in his own house, and the rich were exposed to be reduced to poverty.

Mrs. *Affable*. At *Sparta* there was neither rich nor poor, as we shall let you know the first time.

—What ails you, lady *Violent*? you make a sad sour face, what is the matter, my dear?

Lady *Violent*. Don't you see, that miss *Molly* interrupted me? I had another story, that I was to bring in; why could not she let me tell it before she spoke?

Mrs. *Affable*. Harkee, my dear! if this had happened last year, it would have passed without chiding; you was then a little silly girl, that wanted flattering; but now since you are grown a sensible lady, and a great wit, I must tell you, that you are proud, and that it is a wrong turn of mind to pout for such a trifle? Miss *Molly* would indeed have appeared better bred had she waited till you had done. One must never interrupt another; but must you show your want of sense, because she has betrayed her want of manners?

ners? Can any thing be sillier than to be angry with a person, who never intended to offend? Be persuaded of it, my dear, and instead of being displeased with your school-fellow, think, that, on the contrary, it would be happy for you to meet often with such occasions. This, and particularly being thwarted, or contradicted, would accustom you to get the better of all passions. This is disagreeable my dear——— but yet you smile.

Lady Violent. I do, and I cry at the same time, and when I reflect, that you begin with compliments, that you may chapter me with greater freedom, I cannot forbear smiling at the cunning way you take to that purpose. You are very crafty, *Mrs. Affable*, and like *mama*; when I am to take physic she laps it up in sweet meats.

Mrs. Affable. Where is the harm in this, my dear; if she can get you to take your physic, what matters it how it is lap'd up? Do you take it amiss, that I should sooth you with some flattery, to make you relish the correction better, which I thought you deserved?

Lady Violent. I am very well contented, and at the same time uneasy on this account. I am contented, because without that reprimand I might have broke into a passion; but I am grieved, that I am so silly as to make such precautions necessary. This indeed makes me quite athamed.

Mrs. Affable. These are most excellent dispositions. On the other hand I find, that I have not expressed myself at all properly, when I said I began to flatter you; it was no flattery, and far from exaggeration. You are so much amended, that you are no longer the same person; there remains still a great work to be finished, which I take upon me to say you will bring to perfection, which

how-

however shall not hinder me taking all such measures as I shall think proper to give you no uneasiness; good breeding and a humane disposition make this necessary. I should have the greatest satisfaction, if I could reach you by giving example how you are to behave hereafter to those who shall depend of you. Your story shall take place at our next meeting, and we shall say something about the laws of the *Lacedemonians*; as it is now, we have but just time to repeat our lesson of geography.

Lady *Louisa*. You have said much of *America* to day; would you be so kind as to give us an idea of that part of the world?

Mrs. *Affable*. With pleasure, ladies; pray lady *Sensible* tell them what you know of *America*.

Lady *Sensible*. *America* is called the *New World* from its having been discovered so late as the year 1493. It is however thought the ancients had some knowledge of it, and that this vast continent was called by them the *Atlantic* island. Though *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genoise*, was the first discoverer, *Americus Vesputius* has the honour of it, and this part of the world takes its name from him. *America*, being situated in three zones, has very different climates. In some there are excessive heats, in others excessive cold, and other climates are temperate. It is divided into *North* and *South America*. The latter is a large peninsula 3990 miles long, and 2820 broad.

Lady *Lucy*. I beg pardon, madam; may it not be a mistake? Is that part of the world of such a prodigious extent?

Mrs. *Affable*. No mistake at all, my dear; that part of the world exceeds the three others. I remember to have heard, that Mr. *Penn* and lord *Baltimore* had a law-suit concerning their lands in

those parts, and their difference was about the two and thirtieth part of the world.

Miss *Rural*. Land is not so very considerable there as it is here. I am heiress of an island in that part of which they report strange wonders, and which would make me a very great lady, if I had it here.

Lady *Louisa*. Well, dear madam, as you are so fond of retirement, why not go to your island? and, as you are sovereign there, you might exclude all men, and be as solitary as you pleased.

Miss *Rural*. You are pleased to banter, lady; but I can take a jest. And I am glad of the occasion to assure you, that I am neither a man-hater nor a savage; I love society, and were I so happy as always to have the opportunity of such company as this, I protest I should never miss the solitude, which engages me so agreeably. I must acquaint you with the reasons, why I am so pleased with our woods in the country; the trees are dumb, and entertain me with no impertinences, whereas in town I must spend half my time in hearing nothing else. They are, I am told, got into a method of drawing conversations; I am sure, that I could bring into the compass of a page, all or most of those I have heard; they run upon a score of very foolish things, that are repeated a thousand different ways.

Mrs. *Affable*. You surprise me, miss; I am acquainted with most of the ladies you visit, and they are really persons of the first rank in point of merit.

Miss *Rural*. Very true, Mrs. *Affable*; it is a real pleasure, when mama takes me with her to go in a morning, and take tea with those ladies; they are then alone, their conversations charms me, and is of very great service for my improvement. The scene is much altered after dinner.

These

These very sensible ladies are forced to admit others not much so, and to talk of all the impertinences, that stuff the poor heads of the ladies their visitors.

Mrs. *Affable*. I esteem them the more for it. It shews great good-sense to conceal it in such company, and to keep the conversation within their reach.

Miss *Rural*. Oh! I both admire and esteem them; but I could not be pleased with an occasion of following their example. I find life is too short to lose time, and to suffer this constraint. There are thousands of persons, to whom these tattlers may communicate at leisure all the fiddle-faddle they wish; it is not necessary I should increase the number; who knows but at last I may become as silly as any of those women?

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, you think you can do very well by yourself, and don't intend to be put out of your way for any one. That is not reasonable, my dear; society cannot subsist without a mutual sacrifice of our inclinations; if you should continue in this way of thinking, I must dispatch you to your island.

Miss *Rural*. Hear me out, I beg, Mrs. *Affable*; I am quite willing to be under constraint for my friends. I promise, when there shall be an occasion, to submit to the same for others, but it will be against my will, and at the same time I am resolved as far as it is consistent with good manners and civility, to keep out of such occasions. Are you satisfied now, Mrs. *Affable*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Yes, my dear, or very near the matter; to be quite so, I would have you pleased and happy even in those things, which you cannot avoid doing. That will come in time. Let us trip back to *America*.

Lady Sensible. South America is divided into seven parts, viz. Peru, Paraguay, Chili, Terra Magellanica, the Land of the Amazons, Terra Firma, and Brazil.

Peru is the richest country in the world; and belongs to the king of Spain. It was discovered by Francis Pizarro. Lima is the capital of Peru. Though there are few rivers, the country is fruitful. There is a great chain of mountains, called Cordilleras, and they are of a prodigious height. This part of the world has at once the four seasons of the year. Near the sea it is smothering hot. After this by an easy ascent you walk up a mountain of a great length, which brings you to a plain, where the city of Quito is built. Spring and autumn, fruits and flowers, and weather, that is neither hot nor cold, continue the whole year in this plain, which is raised far above our highest mountains. This plain is terminated by the Cordilleras, on the top of which it is so intensely cold as to endanger one's life.

Lady Lucy. Is it possible, Mrs. Affable? Peru stands in the torrid zone, and those mountains, that rise so high, are much nearer the sun, than the sea-shore. How can the cold be so intense?

Mrs. Affable. Some *Virtuosi* have concluded from this, that the sun was not hot. This shall be spoken of some other time. To morrow, ladies, we go into the country, and shall not be back till Thursday, nor then time enough for the lesson, so that I shall not have the pleasure, of seeing you in the morning.

 DIALOGUE XIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LET us begin with our stories. Lady Charlotte, give us that which you have learnt.

Lady Charlotte All the prodigies, which God wrought in the sight of the *Israelites* and their king, proving ineffectual to bring them off from the worship of idols, he would not bear with them any longer. The king of *Juda* adored *Baal*, as well as the king of *Israel*; he had married a daughter of *Jezebel*; and as the whole family was abandoned to wickedness and idolatry, this impious woman brought her husband to sacrifice to her false gods. At last came the hour, designed by the Lord, to put in execution the threats he had denounced to *Ahab*. It happened thus. The king of *Syria* fell sick, and sent a servant to *Elisha*, to know whether he should recover of his disorder. The servant (his name was *Hazael*) asked of the prophet, whether his master's disease was mortal. No, says he, *but he will surely die*. *Hazael* perceived, that the prophet looked steadily at him and wept; he inquired of him why he wept. *Because*, *Elisha* answered, *I know the evils thou wilt do unto the children of Israel, when thou shalt be king of Syria*; they will never find a greater enemy. *Hazael* left the prophet, and soon after smothered his master in bed, and being recognized king of *Syria*, declared war to the *Israelites*. The king of *Juda* came to succour his brother-in-law the king of *Israel*, upon which *Elisha*

sent one of the children of the prophets; go speedily, said he, to anoint *Jehu* king of *Israel*; for him the lord hath chosen to accomplish and execute his threats to *Abab*, and he shall call *Jezabel* to an account of the blood she has caused to be shed. The young prophet took a vial of oil, and performed his commission. *Jehu's* companions being informed, that he had been anointed king, proclaimed and followed him. With these attendants *Jehu* met the kings of *Juda* and *Israel*, who were both slain. When *Jehu* returned to the city, *Jezabel*, who had put on paint, and dressed her head, appeared at the window, and loaded him with reproaches; he cried out, is there no one above, that is willing to take my side? her servants made answer, that he was free to command, and they ready to obey. If so, said *Jehu*, throw that woman out of the window. This was done instantly, and the blood of that unhappy and wicked woman was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses, and he trod her under foot. The next day the king ordered the body to be interred, but no more was found of her than the skull and the feet, and the palms of her hands, the dogs having devoured the body. *Jehu* soon after ordered all that remained of the house of *Abab* to be destroyed; then he declared in public his design to sacrifice unto *Baal*, and summoned all the prophets of that false deity to meet. All, not one excepted, appeared upon the summons, and *Jehu* put them all to death.

The new king, who had put an end to the worship of *Baal*, was not more faithful in the service due to God, than his predecessors, and kept up the golden calves, that had been cast by *Jeroboam* to be worshipped by the *Israelites*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. This passage of the sacred history furnishes us an admirable lesson. What was the cause of the king of *Juda's* misfortune? His alliance with the daughter of *Jezabel*, as wicked a woman as her mother. A young lady, to whom a match is proposed, examines with care the appearance of the person, that is offered as a suitor. She may perhaps carry her attention so far, as to take some information about his temper. She is content, when she hears, that he is a cheerful person, loves diversions, and sees a great deal of company. Mean while the parents are busy in inquiring after the estate of the person, who proposes to have their daughter; if he is rich, that is some and all; it must be a very good match. But the young gentleman is of a family, that has no regard to any religion, and has in great probability taken in with his milk the principles of his parents; he is a worthy gentleman they say; by a man of worth, they only mean a person, that is not subject to your coarse unpolite vices. How many young ladies contracted to such gentlemen have lost sight of the principles of religion, that they were brought up with, and have at last been ruined? Avoid the danger, ladies, and take this for a certain rule, that a man without religion cannot be a man of worth, and is sure to make you very unhappy.

Lady Louisa. I assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that I am acquainted with several gentlemen, that have no religion at all, and yet are persons of great worth and honour.

Mrs. Affable. They may seem such, my dear, but are not really so, or are in immediate danger of departing from worth and honour. Religion is the only means by which we are supplied with motives to overcome our prevailing passions; without

religion we shall be destitute of necessary helps to stand against our inclinations. Philosophy is here of little service. If we get our lesson done in time, lady *Sensible* will entertain you with a story out of the *Adventurer*, and which is very proper to back what I have said. Your story, miss *Molly*.

Miss *Molly*. *Atbalia* was the daughter of *Jezabel*, that married the king of *Juda*. As soon as she received the news of her husband's death, she made away with all the princes of the royal blood without any exception even of the grandchildren, out of the desire she had of reigning alone. But a sister of the late king found means to save one of them in the cradle, and concealed him with his nurse in an apartment within the precincts, or the dependance of the temple, where he was brought up till he was seven years of age. The high priest having assembled some troops, made young *Jehoash* (it was the young prince's name) be crowned at the expiration of the seven years. *Atbalia* surprised with the noise and acclamation of the priests came to the temple, and was struck with horror, when she saw *Jehoash* on the throne. The high priest did not allow her time to vent her rage, but ordered her to be taken out of the temple, and put to the sword. *Jehoash* being but seven years old, when he began his reign, served the lord faithfully, whilst the high priest lived, and followed his advice. He lost (and it was a great misfortune) this faithful friend, and putting his confidence in a set of flatterers, he became so wicked, that he ordered the son of the high priest, who had preserved his life, and had been a second father to him to be killed. His successors inherited his crimes; yet some served the lord, but not like *David*, for they let the groves, consecrated to false deities on the mountains stand, and suffered the people to offer

incense.

incense there. The *Israelites*, like their kings, continued idolaters, and God, to punish their blindness, delivered them up to the kings of *Assyria*, who carried them off to their dominion, where they remained a long time in bondage.

Miss *Sophy*. O dear! how sorry am I to hear this sad account of *Jehoaſh*. Monsieur *Racine* has made a tragedy, where he appeared so good, that I loved him to excess. How could a prince, so well brought up, and who had so charming a character, come to be so wicked, and so ungrateful?

Mrs. *Affable*. Flattery is the bane of virtue, though seemingly established on a solid foundation; it is pestiferous, children, and if once your ears are open to the deceitful discourse of flatterers, you may be led into all sorts of guilt. . . . Lady *Violent* you had a mind to tell us a little story. You are at liberty to do it now.

Lady *Violent*. About two years ago, Mrs. *Affable* told me very seriously, she was going to write a pretty story for me; at the top of the paper she set down by way of title, *A cure for the colic*. This was only to raise my curiosity to read the story; for at that time I did not at all like the French language. She succeeded in her design; and I was much pleased with the story I am about to repeat.

When *Alexander* the great was in the *Indies*, he found a sect of philosophers called *Brachmans*. *Calanus*, one of these philosophers, begged leave to follow him, and having obtained it, accompanied him in his expeditions. *Calanus* was of a great age, and had never been under any disorder. Sometime after he was seized with a violent fit of the colic; as he had not been accustomed to suffer, this made him excessively impatient. When the fit was passed, he waited on *Alexander*, and requested

quested his permission to be burnt. The monarch thought he was out of his senses, and would not hearken to his proposal. *Calanus* was not discouraged with the refusal; what have I done to your majesty, said he, that should move you to reject my petition? I am old, and find that I can expect nothing but ailments and disorders. The horrible fit I suffered yesterday is now past indeed; but will soon return with a cough, the gravel, a want of appetite and restless nights; give me leave to prevent all these evils, and do not condemn me to lead a miserable lingering life, which at best can be only esteemed a tedious torment. *Alexander*, who was not more in his senses, than the philosopher, yielded to this fine argument, gave leave to *Calanus* to make an end of himself by fire, as he proposed, and granted a farther favour, which the philosopher sued for, to make a grand entertainment for solemnizing his obsequies. *Calanus*, highly pleased, ordered the funeral pile to be erected, he laid himself down as calmly as he would have done in a good bed, and let himself be burnt without making the least motion. The entertainment that followed was quite agreeable to the occasion; and many drank so excessively, that they soon overtook the philosopher in another world.

Now, ladies, is not this a charming receipt for the colic?

Miss Frivolous. I am the doctor and his prescription's most humble servant, but I do not think the fancy will ever take me to try his remedy; no, I have not so much courage as *Calanus*.

Mrs. Affable. What do you call courage, my dear? I assure you, that none but cowards destroy themselves. The courageous person bears sickness

ness and losses; only faint hearts, I repeat it are overcome by pain.

Lady *Louisa*. You are in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; I am convinced now, but I own, that I was mistaken; before, I always took the killing of one's self to be a sin, but not an act of cowardice.

Miss *Zina*. We have a book at home, called the *Persian Letters*. 'Tis said to be written by a great man, and he maintains it to be lawful. He says, that life is a gift of the creator, which he obliges us to preserve no longer than it shall be agreeable to us; and that if a man was past all possibility of ever being extricated from evils, in which he finds himself engaged, God could not without cruelty require him to keep a present, which has proved to disastrous to him. Something interiorly tells me, that I must not yield to this argument, but really 'tis what I cannot answer.

Mrs. *Affable*. As you have not yet been accustomed to examine principles, upon which arguments are grounded, give lady *Sensible* leave to discuss the proposition advanced by this gentleman. This was the famous *monsieur de Montsquieu*; he heartily repented, the last years of his life, his having been the author of that work, and died like a good christian.

Lady *Sensible*. *Life is a present from the creator, which he obliges us to preserve no longer than it shall be agreeable to us.* I am persuaded, Mrs. *Affable*, that the author would have spoke better if instead of *agreeable* he had said *advantageous*. The proposition would then have been true. He adds, that God,

* Some may find fault with my inserting this here. But t'is conversation is a real fact. A lady of great penetration made use of the terms, which I have copied above faithfully. The answer was given by a young lady of twelve years of age, Miss *Abbausen*.

without being cruel, could not require of man to keep a present, which had proved so fatal to him. After this he explains what this fatal or disastrous present is; a life, he says, where a man should labour under all sorts of evil without a possibility of relief. Here the argument rests upon a false supposition. There is no evils, which exclude all possibility of relief; consequently there is no situation that can make life an unhappy present from the creator; whence there is no situation, wherein man can be allowed to put an end to that life, which it is his advantage to preserve, because God continues it to him, and which besides, it is very certain, God would take away, if not advantageous to him.

Mrs. Zina I admire lady *Sensible's* examen of this proposition, and her manner of shewing that it is false. But, Mrs. *Affable*, if there were persons, who maintained, that a man under the loss of his fortune, health, reputation and friends was unhappy beyond recovery, what answer would she make.

Mrs. *Affable*. This shall be discussed in our philosophical lesson. As we speak of happiness, it is essential and necessary to discover what is the cause of unhappiness, which is its contrary. I must keep my word with these ladies, and we must talk over the laws of *Sparta*. Lady *Witty*, tell what you know of them.

Lady *Witty*. I must first tell the ladies, who *Lycurgus* was, that made those laws. He was in my opinion a well-meaning man, very desirous of practising virtue, and recommending virtuous practices to others, but had never examined well, wherein virtue consisted. For want of this, he was quite wrong in his method of governing the *Spartans*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very soon said, my dear! You have nothing to do now but to prove this.

Lady *Witty*. I will do it with pleasure, Mrs. *Affable*. I will give these ladies a plain account, first of the steps he took to have his laws received, and after that I will refer the matter to their judgment.

Lycurgus was brother to a king of *Sparta*, who died without issue, but left his queen with child. The *Spartans* offered the crown to *Lycurgus*. Here indeed he behaved like a man of honour. I am, said he in answer to this proposal, greatly obliged to you for this proof of your good will; but if the queen chance to be delivered of a son, you are very sensible the crown will be his right and not mine. *Lycurgus's* sister-in-law was a very bad woman, and very desirous to continue queen of *Sparta*; if you will marry me, she said to *Lycurgus*, I will destroy the child, and you shall be king in your own right. If *Lycurgus* had not curbed his passion, he would certainly have punished this unnatural mother; but as the life of the child continued in her power, he pretended that he was very willing to accept of this match, and that he had ways and means to make away with the child, after he was born. As soon as the queen was delivered, it proved a son; *Lycurgus* took the child from the mother, had him recognized king of *Sparta*, and consented to take the regency into his hands, till his nephew came to age to reign by himself, and seized this opportunity to change the *Spartan* laws.

Here, as, in effect, there is every where else, was a great number of poor, and some few rich. *Lycurgus* thought this unjust, and was of opinion, that all the people in the same country should be equal. Convinced as he was, that this equality was but just and equitable, he got together a good number

ber of soldiers, and acquainted those who had great possessions, that they must absolutely allow a share of them to those who had none, and that he would not suffer any one to be master of more land than another. Well, ladies, what do you think of this proceeding?

Miss *Molly*. Think? that he was very charitable to make a provision for all the poor.

Miss *Bella*. But, my dear friend, pray consider, that this charity was at other's expence, and that this can't be allowed. What would you think, my dear, if I took a knife and said, miss *Molly*, I'll cut your throat, if you don't deliver your money. Here are poor, that are not worth a farthing; that is not just, you must divide your money with them, and only keep your equal share?

Miss *Molly*. Indeed, madam, I should think you a robber; that you might give your own as you pleased, because it is your own; that mine did not belong to you; that it was an injustice to compel me to have it in that manner. Why did not he do like Mrs. *Affable*? I had three guineas, and to be sure was very fond of them, till Mrs. *Affable* made me ashamed of this covetousness, upon which I distributed the money very freely among the poor. *Lycurgus* should have endeavoured to bring the *Spartans* by good reasons to divide their lands, but ought not to oblige them to it by force.

Mrs. *Affable*. Alas! poor *Lycurgus* is condemned without hopes of a reprieve. I really think, ladies, as well as you do, that this was a wrong step. The law of nature is the first of laws; it forbids taking what belongs to another; and this law it is never lawful to break through. *Lycurgus's* favourite object was that equality, and he thought

thought he might be indulged in every thing, provided that all the *Spartans* were rich alike.

Lady Charlotte. Had I been there I would have come even with him; he might have taken my lands; but should have missed of my gold, silver, and jewels. I would have buried them in the ground first.

Mrs. Affable. You would only have come even with yourself, my dear, for he found means to make gold and silver quite useless.

Lady Charlotte. How so, *Mrs. Affable*?

Lady Mary. Give me leave to account for it, *Mrs. Affable*; for I have read it this winter. You know, ladies, that you cannot be fed nor cloathed with gold or silver; money is only useful to purchase the necessaries of life. *Lycurgus* forbade under pain of life selling any one thing for gold or silver. Those, who had laid their money by, were a good deal disappointed, and looked very silly, as they did not know what to do with what they had kept so carefully. *Lycurgus*, instead of the common money current before, made iron-money, and distributed it equally to every family. This made every one equally rich, having an equal share of land, and the same quantity of money.

Mrs. Fivulous. That might serve for a time; there was then a perfect equality, but this could not last long. No doubt but there were at *Sparta* some who had a better appetite than others, some who desired to be better dressed. These must spend their money sooner, which must speedily have ended in numbers of poor.

Lady Witty. *Lycurgus* was aware of the same difficulty, and had provided against it in this manner; no one eat at home. He erected great halls, where fifteen families could conveniently mess together. All found their respective shares of wine, oil, flour, and meat, so that no one could

could lay out more than his neighbour, and if one did not eat heartily, he was called a glutton and accused of eating at his own house, before he came, which was a great reproach.

Miss *Sophy*. Who paid the cook, and the other servants?

Lady *Witty*. There were no servants at *Sparta*, ladies. What servants we have only wait upon us, because they have no other way to subsist; but where every particular was found in all necessities, you may easily judge, that they would neither be servants nor workmen. All sorts of work was done by their prisoners of war, who were slaves, and besides them there was many of the *Ilotes*, a people of the territory of *Sparta*, used as slaves, which gave the others the name of *Ilotes*.

Miss *Rural*. A strange sort of a country! I always was told, that the *Spartans* were temperate, disinterested, and virtuous, but far from being such, they were not at liberty to be otherwise. To be temperate, it is my opinion, I ought to have liberty to chuse between a plentiful and moderate meal; he is temperate, who prefers the latter to the former.

Mrs. *Affable*. You judge quite right, my dear. To be virtuous we must be at liberty to do the contrary, and forbear the use of that liberty; but I find something still more shocking in the laws of *Lycurgus*; and this was the disorderly love of their country inspired by those laws. Their country was the idol, to which they must be ever ready to sacrifice fair dealing, credit, humanity, and all other virtues. Others become wicked, because they give themselves up to passions, arising, it is true, from a false interest, but very pressing and cogent. The *Spartans* were unjust and cruel by principle.

Lady

Lady *Louisa*. But, Mrs. *Affable*, I must, with your leave, assure you, that I know very learned, and as virtuous persons, who differ from you in opinion. They look upon *Lycurgus's* laws as a master-piece, and the *Lacedæmonians* as the greatest nation in the world. Have not you conceived some prejudice against them?

Mrs. *Affable*. I must say, as lady *Witty* has done. I will give you my reasons for my way of thinking, and submit them to your decision. But previously I must acquaint you, that things may be understood as physically or morally fit for the end proposed.

Lady *Lucy*. I beg you will explain this, Mrs. *Affable*, for it is above my understanding.

Mrs. *Affable*. The end proposed may be very honorable, and ought to be kept in view by the legislator; but the means employed for the same end may be different in nature, though conducive to the same effect. Considered under this light they may appear proper means, and suited to the lawgiver's intention, by which he may arrive at the end proposed. The different means may be thought *naturally* proper, inasmuch as they naturally cause the same effect. To make an odd supposition, however not more inconsistent, than some of the *Spartan* laws, and which may be of service to demonstrate that inconsistency, put the case of a person suffering under a violent fever; and that another to relieve him from his anguish, dispatches him by immediate death, which puts an end to his disorder, as well as to his life. Taking away his life has a connexion with the end of the fever, as a cause, and may be called a *natural* cause to it; and *naturally* productive of that effect, but as murder cannot by any means be reconciled to the known and received
princi-

principles of humanity and morality, notwithstanding it naturally causes the said effect, it is morally unfit, and consequently criminal. And hence we must only keep in view the moral fitness resting on moral principles, as a solid foundation, and the true basis of well established governments.

Lady *Lucy*. Excuse my want of capacity, Mrs. *Affable*; I take your meaning perfectly with regard to *natural* and *moral* fitness, but am still at a loss what relation they have to *Lycurgus's* laws.

Mrs. *Affable*. It may be my fault in not being clearer; I will endeavour to throw more light upon this subject. But pray, tell me, what did *Lycurgus* intend by the laws he gave to the *Spartans*?

Lady *Lucy*. To form a warlike nation, that should be invincible, and add nothing to their dominions by conquest; that is, to establish a commonwealth, that should always continue the same without increase or decrease.

Mrs. *Affable*. And what were the means he used to succeed in this project?

Lady *Lucy*. He endeavoured in general to inspire the people with the greatest love of their country, and taught them, as an essential point of their duty, that they must sacrifice whatever was most dear to them, their parents, their children, and their lives to the advantage of their country.

Lady *Louisa*. I have been informed, that this point of duty is still in force every where, so, that *Lycurgus* was not so much to blame. But I think we were told besides, that virtue was to be sacrificed to the interest of the country.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are in the right, madam, and I undertake to prove it. *Lycurgus* to render *Sparta* invincible would have all the *Lacedemonians* to be complete soldiers. To this end it is necessary to

have

have a strong and robust body; not to fear fatigues or pain, or even death. He maintained, that these qualities were to take place of every other, and that nothing was to be spared for acquiring these accomplishments. The parents in consequence of this scheme were only to wish for children, which they could bring up to be soldiers. When a child was born weak and deformed, he could never, said they, be a soldier, he can be of no service to his country, who only wants soldiers. As we are not to regard any thing, that is not beneficial to *Sparta* we must not have any affection for this misshapen creature; he must be sacrificed to the interest of the nation. This unserviceable child would live at the public charge, and eat as much as would bring up and maintain another able to bear arms. By this singular method of reasoning, a weak and disfigured child was killed, not to be a burthen; and from a principle of obedience to the laws of *Lycurgus* they became cruel, inhuman, unjust, and transgressed the laws of nature. Now you understand me.

Lady Lucy. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*, this law was naturally adapted to keep only such as were proper to be soldiers, but was morally unfit, as contrary to the laws of nature.

Lady *Sensible*. Mrs. *Affable* will think me extremely bold; the law in my mind is neither naturally or morally fit for the end proposed. Why did *Lycurgus* design to form a nation of soldiers? That *Sparta* should be invincible; but one should think, that heads are more necessary for this purpose, than strength of body. What advantage could they obtain from robust able bodied men, without wise heads to command them? The strength of body is not so necessary for generals; a brave and courageous soul may be placed in a feeble

feeble body; among the children they destroyed many of them might have turned out good officers, who were by this barbarity lost to their country. It was happy for the *Lacedemonians*, that this cruel law was not observed by the father of *Agésilas*. He was king of *Sparta*, and paid a forfeit for having married a little woman; his son *Agésilas* was very little and lame, but this child born lame and doomed to death by the laws of his country, became a most famous commander, and the greatest king of *Sparta*. Perhaps many an *Agésilas* has been barbarously killed in the cradle, and the commonwealth has been deprived of great and able persons to the great disadvantage of the state.

Mrs. *Affable*. 'Tis an excellent remark, my dear; besides that, as Mr. *Rollin* observes in his history, it happens generally, that a child who was very weak at his birth grows up to be robust.

Lady *Sensible*. I beg I may be allowed to shew, that all the bad actions of the *Lacedemonians* are originally owing to this law of *Lycurgus*. Give ear, ladies, to a most dreadful account, that will prove what I say.

The *Ilotes* were, as you know, treated as slaves at *Sparta*; they were very numerous, for, as it was observed before, the *Lacedemonians* followed no profession nor craft. They were neither butchers nor tailors, nor bricklayers. They only minded the military; the rest was left to their slaves. A war fell out, wherein the *Lacedemonians* were in want of troops on account of the superiority of their enemies. They made their slaves into soldiers, and promised to give their freedom to those, who should distinguish their bravery by some gallant action. The situation of the *Ilotes* in *Sparta* was very miserable, and their desire of

free-

freedom from their heavy bondage, put them upon making the greatest efforts to serve the public. The war being brought to an end, all the slaves, who had performed some extraordinary exploit, were summoned to appear before the magistrates, that their names, with their military achievements, might be registered, and they rewarded. Several thousands appeared, who had well deserved their freedom. Can you doubt of their being made free? Far from it, ladies! The *Spartans* reasoned thus upon the point.

These men, who have behaved with so much bravery, have noble minds, and too great, not to leave the commonwealth room to apprehend, that their courage may prove fatal to *Sparta*. They will certainly some time remember the bad usage they have found among us, and it is possible they may desire to take their revenge. The interest of *Sparta* makes it necessary they should be destroyed. But what is their crime? Pray, where is the guilt of the children, that come weak and deformed in the world? We sacrifice our children, that ought to be dearer to us, from patriot principles; what reason can make us fear sacrificing upon the same motives slaves, who are of so little concern to us. In effect, ladies, these unhappy wretches were all destroyed, whose only crime was too much merit for persons in their station.

Lady *Louisa*. There is an end of it! I have done with *Lycurgus*, and his *Lacedæmonians*; they are bears, they are tygers, or rather monsters beyond comparison; for the fiercest animals don't hurt their own species, and love their young ones.

Lady *Violent*. I have another instance, which is not much to their credit. A commander of theirs seized the city of *Thebes*, though the *Thebans* and

Spar-

tans were in full peace. The former complained of the injury: the Spartans condemned the proceeding; the commander was fined in a certain sum; but that was all; the Spartans kept possession of Thebes against all right and justice.

Miss Bella. Just as if I had a thief brought before a judge for stealing my watch, and he should condemn him to be hanged, and put my watch into his own pocket.

Mrs. Affable. Exactly right, and an excellent comparison. Much more might be said of the Lacedaemonians. I beg, ladies, you will read in your abridgment of universal history, and after that in *monieur Rollin* what relates to them; then you shall each of you tell me the remarks you have made. At present lady *Sensible* will go on in her account of *America*.

Lady *Sensible*. We have said, that *South-America* is divided into seven parts; and have spoken of *Peru*, the first. The second is *Paraguay*, also called *Rio de la Plata*, from a large river into which many others fall. *Rio de la Plata* signifies the silver-river, from the great quantity of that metal found in it by the Spaniards. This country is subject for the most part to the king of *Spain* nearer the sea and the rivers; farther from land, and where the Spaniards have no settlements, the inhabitants are reported to be of a gigantic size, and canibals, that is, man-eaters. The air is temperate and healthy, and provided plentifully with all necessaries of life. The *Assumption* is the capital of that province of *Paraguay*, which goes under the name of *Rio de la Plata*.

The third part of *South-America* is known by the name of *Chili*; which signifies a cold country, and indeed the winters are so rigorous, particularly towards the mountains, that the lives of the

the inhabitants are in danger. The rivers are frozen up in the night, and the ice melts in the day. They have a large sort of sheep, that serve instead of horses. This part is under the king of Spain; the capital is *S. Iago*.

Magellan gave his name to *Terra Magellanica*. The air is cold, and the land only abounds with pastures and forests. The inhabitants give themselves the name of *Patagons*, and are said to be ten or twelve feet in height. They are very little known; the *Spaniards* have no town in those parts, but *Nakuelhuapi*.

Terra Firma has a good wholesome air, except that part near the *Isthmus* of *Panama*. The country is very fertile and very rich. Here is the river *Orenoque*, whose course is very near 900 miles. This country belongs to the *Spaniards*, and their capital is *Santa Fe de Bagota*. Our next meeting we design to go through the remaining part of *South-America*.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Mrs. AFFABLE, Lady Lucy, Lady Louisa, Lady SINCERE.

Lady Lucy alone with Mrs. AFFABLE.

IT is so long since I have had the pleasure of a private conference with Mrs. *Affable*, that I lost all patience, and determined to stay no longer. And I don't know, that miss *Zina* will come to day; there is a great deal ado about her; they talk of a very advantageous match. I am

am quite pleased; she is very deserving; and I look upon this settlement as a reward of her virtue.

Mrs. *Affable*. May one take the liberty of asking what lady *Lucy* means by an advantageous match.

Lady *Lucy*. What all the world means, Mrs. *Affable*, a gentleman of very great fortune, and a good family.

Mrs. *Affable*. You must not consider all things in the same light, that others generally do. One may marry a very rich person, and of great rank, and withal be very poorly married.

Lady *Lucy*. 'Tis very true, Mrs. *Affable*; I ought to suspend my judgment, till I am acquainted with the character and behaviour of the gentleman, who is designed for her. But I must own, that though I am a stranger to her suitor, I entertain a very favourable opinion of him; for after all Miss *Zina* is very agreeable, though not a striking beauty. She has wit and good sense, but this does not appear to strangers, because she is so very backward and timorous, that it is very difficult to arrive at a knowledge of her worth. All that is seen is her particular modesty, handsome behaviour, and a particular care to find out all occasions of doing good. You may easily judge, that a gentleman, who can only know her by these outlines, and is induced to chuse her for a partner in life, must be a person of sound sense.

Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Lucy* concludes very justly; indeed I have frequently heard a very advantageous account of the young lady and her family.

Lady *Lucy*. As to that, Mrs. *Affable*, she has received the best education. Her father, who was a man of great merit, was himself her tutor, and brought her up in the same manner you do lady *Sensible*. She has told me, that when she was but

fix years of age he ordered several pieces of different stuffs to make her choice out of, and gave her eight guineas; here, dear *Zina*, he said, this is to purchase you a gown. If you take this better piece, you will spend your eight pieces; they are yours, and you may lay them out as you please. If you pitch upon this other, you will not be quite so fine, but you will have a couple left. We have now in our township a poor woman; her husband has been this long time out of order; she is mother to six children, almost naked, and who will be perishing with cold this winter. With the two guineas you save, some warm cloathing may be found for the poor children; they will pray for their benefactress, and at the last day you will hear these comfortable words from *Jesus Christ*, *I was naked, and you cloathed me with your own clothes.* The good little girl was so affected with her father's words, that instead of two she resolved to give four guineas, and took some meaner stuff for herself. He never missed a day without putting in her way some occasion of doing good; her mother, who is as charitable as her husband, gives her the same example, though she is not very rich. Last year she was informed, that a poor woman and four poor children she had, were in a starving condition. Away she sets with her daughters to the place; it was near *Westminster*; they crept up into a garret, found the poor children quite naked upon straw; they packed them all up in their coach, and at their return home cloathed the poor wretches. They did more; they sent the poor woman into the country, and gave her five guineas; this sum enabled her to set up a small shop, which has helped her to an easy livelihood.

Mrs. *Affable*. You give me a prodigious idea of that family——But here the ladies are. How happens it? Lady *Sincere* is with them.

Lady *Sincere*. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*, she is indeed, and come with a resolution, if you will give her leave, to quarrel heartily with you. You admit these ladies to see you in the morning; you say the finest things that can be to them, concerning balls and plays, and are so cruel, as to exclude me from your conferences, which I want more than any person, because in short, Mrs. *Affable*, I love those diversions to distraction.

Lady *Louisa*. Make the best of your way from us, my dear; take care to avoid all our conversations. If you mind Mrs. *Affable*, you must of absolute necessity sacrifice those pleasures for the most part: I wish sometimes I had never heard any thing upon that head. I gave myself up very honestly to a distracted life; I wasted time without scruple or remorse; but that is over; Mrs. *Affable*'s lessons run in my mind, and break in upon all the schemes I had formed for pleasure and diversion, and troublesome reflections assault me in those places, where I used to meet with nothing but mirth and satisfaction.

Lady *Sincere*, I'll venture however. I told you, that I was fond to madness of diversions; and 'tis true, but I am only in quest of pleasure to be happy and contented. Mrs. *Affable* gives us hopes of another kind of happiness; 'tis all one to me; I am very little concerned by what means I am pleased, provided I am so. On the other side I mean well, and have always found something within me, which suggests to my thoughts, that there is some fault in the attachment I have to pleasure; could I discover such pleasures against

which my reason could not except, those would undoubtedly meet with the preference.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is, my dear, you will put into a scale the satisfaction arising from a religious life against that which the world affords, and chuse which pleases you most.

Lady *Sincere*. I think so, Mrs. *Affable*; I can run no risque; you assured me, that the pleasures, which virtue procures, exceed those of this world. My choice will certainly fall on the former.

Mrs. *Affable*. I spoke to you of virtue, and not of self-love. Virtuous persons are not to do good; that they may be pleased and satisfied here, but that they may comply with the orders and commands of God; and God, who is all goodness, makes amends by numberless pleasures for those, that have been given up in obedience to his orders. If you forego these pleasures to meet with greater here, you become your own idol; and God will not reward what you do more for your satisfaction, than for his.

Miss *Zina*. Mrs. *Affable*, these ladies are my friends; I may tell before them what has taken me up this morning. I am sure it makes me tremble.

Mrs. *Affable*. How? no misfortune I hope?

Miss *Zina*. No, Mrs. *Affable*; it looks more like good fortune, and yet leaves me under great frights. I am to be married soon. *Mama* proposed to me this morning a match a hundred times more advantageous than I could ever think of, as to interest in this world. I know the gentleman, and am pleased with his person and character. This should suffice, and yet I am quite giddy with fear.

Mrs. *Affable*. Pray tell me what it is you fear.

Miss *Zina*. Every thing, Mrs. *Affable*; the duties of the state proposed to me crowded into my

thoughts; they appear so serious, and of that weighty importance, that I very much doubt of my complying with them as I ought. In the next place the gentleman is very rich; this affluence of wealth may perhaps corrupt my heart. It will put me under a necessity of making a great figure, and how can I be sure, that I shall not conceive too great an attachment to the world, and those pleasures, which I actually now despise? You must allow, that my situation is very perilous, and that it will be extremely difficult for me to get clear of so many dangers.

Lady Sincere. This would never have come into my head. You fear being rich; well, madam, you may make a good use of riches. This will enable you to follow your benevolent temper, and to do a thousand good things, which now you can only desire to do.

Miss Zina. Admirably well said! but have we not seen many examples of persons, who with a middling fortune were both generous and virtuous, and, when raised to a greater degree and means, have departed from those amiable dispositions? Who can insure my not doing the same?

Mrs. Affable. I will, my dear miss. When God calls us to a state of life, he gives us sufficient graces and helps to discharge our duty. Some dangers, no doubt, attend your situation; but then you have neither sought nor desired it. This should quiet your alarms. Do you think it will take place very soon?

Miss Zina. No, *Mrs. Affable*; I have not yet given *mama* a positive answer, I begged a respite of twenty four hours before I determined, and was resolved to take your advice first.

Mrs. Affable. I am greatly honoured with the confidence you repose in me, and I will give you
an

an answer. I have already observed, that you have not sought this match; you have moreover great reason to esteem it as a particular dispensation of a kind providence. The match is convenient for your family; you are pleased with the gentleman's behaviour and character. Nothing more can be desired in any marriage. What else you have to do is to observe, whether your tempers will be suitable to each other; you have time for it; mean while be sure to give more time to frequent prayers, and to redouble your attention to the practice of good works, that you may obtain of God, that he will interpose his providence in raising obstacles to this marriage, if he should foresee, that it will prove a hindrance to your salvation.

Miss Zina. I will observe your directions, Mrs. *Affable*; but I am very sorry, that I have interrupted your conversation; and I beg, that you will continue the discourse you was upon when I came in.

Mrs. Affable. In our last conference lady *Louisa* was to be let into the method of making the day very short and entertaining. And I fancy we were upon the reflections lady *Lucy* made in getting up and dressing.

Lady Lucy. But first these ladies must know, that I am a great sleeper, and formerly was very loath to leave my bed. My woman was forced to call twenty times before I could take leave of the bolster.

Lady Sincere. That is my daily practice. I do not like going to bed early; I stay up as long as I can without the least compassion for my poor woman, who sleeps as she stands. As I have no inclination to sleep, when I am got to bed, I lay the finest schemes in order to get up betimes, but

fall asleep and forget all; when I am waked in the morning I never want a reason to lie longer. A bad night; an extreme drowsiness; a fancy, that I am not well; I have nothing to do, that requires quick dispatch; in short, I dispute with the pillow, which almost always gets the better. Pray, lady *Lucy*, how do you contrive to get up at a certain hour?

Lady Lucy. Mrs. *Affable* says we must leave our beds as if they were on fire. I think to myself I hear the voice of the angel at the last day, when he is to sound the trumpet, and cry out, *arise ye dead, and come to judgment.* This dreadful thought immediately removes all sleepiness and sloth. Then I sit up and endeavour to consecrate the first moment of the day to God, by an oblation of myself, and of all that is mine. In the beginning I found it very troublesome to rise as the clock struck, if I may use that expression; but at present I am quite used to this practice without any manner of uneasiness. Whilst I dress I beg of *Jesus Christ* to cloath me with the new man mentioned by *St. Paul.* After this I make my prayer.

Mrs. Affable. Favour the ladies with telling them in what your prayer consists.

Lady Lucy. It consists in the acts of religion, which a Christian ought to make at least once a day. The first is an act of adoration, that is, I acknowledge God as the sovereign creator of heaven and earth, my master, my king, and my father, and declare, that I am bound to respect and love him under all those different titles. I rejoice, that I depend upon so bountiful a father, I submit to his divine will, and I excite myself to believe firmly, that whatever he shall determine concerning me this day, and all other days of my life, is for my good, because he is sovereignly good, and loves me.

Mrs.

Miss Zina. Have you a particular set prayer to that purpose?

Lady Lucy. No, my dear! I make this prayer sometimes one way, sometimes another, and as my heart prompts me. After this I make an act of thanksgiving, that is, I return thanks for all the favours he has blessed me with, during my whole life, and if any remarkable blessing I have received occur to me, I am more particularly grateful for that. I thank God for not taking me out of this world at a time I had no thought of working my salvation, and allowing me this day to employ myself to that end. This thought makes me recollect my past life: alas! I think to myself how much of my time have I lost? A fourth part of life is now gone with little or no application to the great work of salvation, the grand affair for which God has placed me in this world. I beg pardon for this neglect, and I own myself in his presence so weak, so much distracted, and so inclined to evil, that unless he will assist me particularly with his grace, I shall continue in this sad forgetfulness of my salvation. I earnestly beseech my God, in the name of his son *Jesus Christ* to grant me all helps and graces necessary to promote this important affair. To obtain my request, I offer to him the life and sufferings of this divine saviour, and unite all my actions to his; thus united I offer them to God, and I make a firm purpose to comply this day with all the duties of my state, in obedience to his precepts; I conclude with saying the prayer, which *Jesus Christ* has taught us with all the efforts I can make to fix my mind on the sense of the words; without this violence to myself I should repeat the prayer without any attention.

Lady Louisa. Tell me plainly, my dear; this

is a long sort of prayer; don't you find it something tedious? have you never any distractions?

Lady *Lucy*. I assure you, dear friend, that I do not find the prayer long. At first I found some difficulty, my thoughts wandered every way; I had not then got into a habit of fixing my mind properly; now that difficulty is perfectly mastered. Mrs. *Affable* has set me half an hour of prayer; I put my watch upon the table, and I think it goes surprisingly fast; were I to follow my inclination I would make a whole hour of prayer. There is such a pleasure in putting up our prayers to God; my heart is then so content, and in so calm a state, that I could spend my whole life without any uneasiness in that holy exercise.

Lady *Sincere*. How happy you are, lady *Lucy*! I am not so; half my time at prayer is spent without attention, and frequently appears very long; but why does not God favour me with the same graces?

Mrs. *Affable*. I will tell you, my dear; but to speak more properly *Jesus Christ* shall inform you. *No one can serve two masters*, as we are assured by our Saviour. Lady *Lucy* has courageously renounced this world, she serves only one master, who is *Jesus Christ*; and this liberal master, besides an infinite reward, which he prepares for her in another life, bestows, as he has promised, over and above, the hundred fold in this for what she does for his sake.

Lady *Louisa*. You tell me, that lady *Lucy* has renounced the world, you surprise me, Mrs. *Affable*; she lives in it, as we do. We frequent the same company, and, within a trifle, take the same diversions.

Mrs. *Affable*. I do not dispute it; in outward appearance you are near alike, but the difference is.

is in the heart! Lady *Lucy* takes some diversions, but you give yourself wholly up to them. Do you think, my dear, that to arrive at the perfection of a life truly Christian, it is necessary to be buried in a desert, and to lead a life altogether uncommon? This would be a strange mistake. The apostle does not say, leave this world, but *use this world as if you used it not; for the figure of it passeth away*; that is, live in this world as not belonging to it. As the world and its maxims shall leave your heart, peace, gladness, tranquillity, and happiness will succeed in proportion. You see, that I have encouraged miss *Zina* to consent to a match, which will throw her into the heart of the *grand monde*. I don't intend by it, that she shall be of the world, and if it please God she shall live in it as a stranger to it, and by that means arrive at true happiness in this abode and empire, I may call it, of sorrow and the greatest vexation. I don't impose upon you, my dear; the degree of virtue, to which you advance, will always be the measure of your happiness, I will not deceive you, but refer you to your friend.

Lady *Lucy*. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am still at a great distance from true happiness. I own I have never enjoyed so much ease and quiet of mind as I do now, but I find, that there are still many difficulties to overcome, before I can be happy; hitherto I have but made a very little sacrifice to that effect. My heart is entirely severed from tumultuous pleasures; I am free from ambition, and would not give the value of a pin to increase my fortune; and what is this, to be called a sacrifice, as if it was a great matter? Reason, I really think, would have prevailed upon me to do the same without any motive taken from Christian Religion; and where can the difficulty lie to turn one's back

to all these trifles? There are other things which I must root out of my heart, and I find it will bleed sorely.

Miss Zina. Pray what can there be in your heart that must be rooted out?

Lady Lucy. All created beings, madam, and I must begin with myself. I passionately love myself, my relations, my friends; and this is a stop to my being happy.

Lady Louisa. How lady? is it necessary to hate one's self, and all the world besides?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; you must love yourself, and all the world for God's sake. This I own is much sooner said than done; and as lady Lucy observes very justly, the heart must be rent and bleed. It is not yet come to this with regard to you, madam. In this great work we must proceed by degrees, and like the man, who had a large spot of ground to weed. When he surveyed the prodigious quantity of weeds, that covered the ground, he was discouraged from undertaking this excessive task; he afterwards reflected very prudently, that there was no necessity of doing it all in one day, and persuaded himself to act as if he had only the twentieth part of this ground to weed; this did not appear so difficult. He set to work, and easily compassed it; he undertook another part the day following, and in some days time the work was completely finished. Imitate this example. A total change of the heart is not the work of a day. Take it seriously in hand, it will go forward imperceptibly, and you will on a sudden be surprised with the great progress you have made.

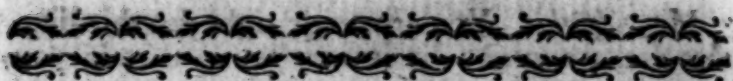
Lady Louisa. Say what you will, my dear friend, this work will always be difficult, and so difficult, that my weakness makes me almost despair of success.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. You are very right in thinking, that you are weak: it is very true, that if you was to undertake this by yourself only, you could never bring it about. I have read, I cannot tell where, of a woman, *Felicity* by name, who was put in prison to be devoured by beasts. She was very near her time, and was actually delivered in prison. She suffered a great deal, and broke out into loud cries. The gaoler speaking to her, if you cannot bear your pains now, said he, how will you behave when you are tearing in pieces by wild beasts? That will be quite a different case, the woman answered, when I am in the amphitheater, *Jesus* will suffer in me, and communicate his strength to me. Let us say with her, when we shall seriously undertake the great work of our salvation, we shall not work alone, but *Jesus Christ* in us, and he will communicate his strength to us. But here are our young ladies; we will go on with this matter at another meeting.

Miss *Zina*. Please to remember, that you have promised to give me proper instructions concerning the means that are necessary to avoid the dangers of the state, upon which I am about to enter by your advice. I shall at least lay the consequences of this advice at your door.

Mrs. *Affable*. With a great deal of pleasure, miss; we will put up our prayers to God, that he may inspire us, and then inquire into those means, you and I together.



DIALOGUE XV.

Lady WITTY.

YOU said, Mrs. *Affable*, that we must have recourse to philosophy for a proof, that there was no situation in life, wherein a man could be unhappy past all help and remedy. Now is a proper time to keep your promise.

Mrs. *Affable*. I will endeavour to stand to my word. But previously, ladies, you must call to mind, that we have proved beyond reply, that man was created to be happy.

Lady *Louisa*. I have often had it in my thoughts, Mrs. *Affable*; and if I could shew, that this proposition contradicts another that is true, what would you say then?

Mrs. *Affable*. I would examine into it, for it is certain, that two contradictory propositions cannot be both true.

Miss *Bella*. I don't understand this, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. It shall be explained, my dear; I say, that *It is day*; you say *It is not*. Here are two contradictory propositions, that destroy each other, for it is impossible they should both be true. If I am right you are in the wrong; if you are in the right I must be in the wrong. I say, that such-a-one is living; you say he is dead. These two propositions contradict each other, and cannot stand together. Death is inconsistent with life, as life is with death.

Miss

Miss *Sophy*. I take it now. When a proposition is true, the contradictory is false. *I am but little*, the contradictory would be *I am not little*. And as it would be ridiculous to say, that I am *little*, and at the same time tall, I can conclude safely, that being *little* I cannot be a tall person.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very well. We laid down for a truth, that *man was created to be happy*. Lady *Louisa* pretends to know a truth as certain, which directly contradicts it. That is, lady *Louisa* will have it, that you may be little and tall.

Lady *Louisa*. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I don't say so: I should be extravagant if I did. I only pretend, that if the proposition I advance be founded in truth, yours must be false. Do you believe, that God has left men at liberty to act as they will, and that he does not force them to do one thing rather than another?

Mrs. *Affable*. That with me, my dear, goes for an axiom. It is a consequence of that other truth, *There is a God*. For if God forced the will of man, all the crimes committed in the world must be imputed to him, which would be to destroy his goodness.

Lady *Louisa*. You maintain, that God created me to be happy, But here is my neighbour, a man endowed with free-will, who has taken it into his head to make me miserable; to this end he seizes my estate, takes away my good name, makes me odious and contemptible to all the world, my relations, friends, and to those, whom I have loaded with favours. This man forces me to drink a poisonous draught, and ruins my health. God must either take away from him the liberty of doing me all this mischief; or he has not created me to be happy, since he leaves this man at liberty to hinder my being so.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. It was you, lady *Sensible*, who maintained before these ladies, that there was no condition in the world, wherein a man could be irretrievably miserable. Get off as well as you can; for my part I won't be concerned, and so I leave you to answer lady *Louisa*.

Lady *Sensible*. I am not at all afraid, Mrs. *Affable*. Lady *Louisa* sets out upon a false supposition.

Lady *Louisa*. What is that false supposition, if you please to tell me, my dear?

Lady *Sensible*. You suppose, that every thing in this world can make us happy, or unhappy; and I stand to it, that happiness or misery subsists only in the heart, and that though all the men in the world should use their joint efforts to make me unhappy, they could not effect their intent, unless I had a mind.

Lady *Louisa*. That is really something, if it could be proved; if a man should this moment take away your estate, pray tell me, would it not make you very unhappy?

Lady *Sensible*. It would as far as I had an inclination to my estate; but if I was not at all fond of riches, what great harm would there be in taking from me what gave me so little concern?

Lady *Louisa*. I easily conceive, that a rational person is not earnestly to desire great riches; but that is out of the question, I mean the necessaries of life, so that I should be reduced to beg my bread, or work hard for a subsistence.

Lady *Sensible*. And do you imagine, that to earn a livelihood by labour is a misfortune? Have you never seen in the country numbers of people, who toiled in the fields from morning till night, and yet sung, were merry, and had not the least uneasy moment?

Lady

DIALOGUE XV. 111

Lady Louisa. They are stupid creatures, that never knew better.

Lady Sensible. Therefore hard work is not to be reckoned a misfortune, but your fancy makes the misfortune. If it was really so, it would be a misfortune for the poor as much as for you. Reform your opinion, and it will appear the same to you it does to them.

Lady Louisa. But how can this opinion be reformed? I sit by a good fire in winter; I have good warm clothes; when it is fair in summer I go out in a coach; if I walk, it is in the shade; is it a matter quite indifferent to be with or without these conveniencies, to be exposed to the rigours of the seasons, heat, cold, and besides to be in want of very near half the necessaries of life?

Lady Sensible. Look'ee, my dear, our bodies will be inured to any thing. I am very sure, that with all your great care you suffer more by heat and cold than they, and that you catch four colds for their one. When you have kept very close in a warm room, you need only come out to the stairs to be seized with a cold, a rheume or defluxion; a sure proof, that you suffer more by cold in one minute than the country labourers in the whole day; and you may reason in the same manner with regard to cold. You go on to say, that the poor creature cannot procure half the necessaries of life. The necessaries are confined to a small compass. Bread and water is precisely the whole of the necessaries. What is beyond this stint is *necessary*, by a sad mistake, for sensuality, gluttony, to go on with a bad custom, and only contributes to many disorders unknown to the poor labourers. They are always employed, time cannot hang upon their hands; they eat with a good appetite; hard work and temperance seasons their meals; they

they sleep soundly, because they are wearied, they have the pleasure of indulging themselves with a little rest, and sometimes to a small degree of sloth. They are strangers to vapours, melancholy, uneasiness of mind, and all the train of miseries, that wait upon sloth and gluttony, and come to a good old age, whereas a soft voluptuous life shortens our days. Now, madam, you are at liberty to say, that a man has it in his power to make me unhappy by taking away my estate, and putting me under a necessity of living by my work, which procures me health, sound sleep, a good appetite, and ease.

Mrs. Affable. I was quite in the right to let you plead your cause; you have done it admirably. I will give you an instance of this by way of farther proof. I knew a man, a near relation of mine. He had a good constitution, and was very rich. He lived like a rich man, that is, he kept a very plentiful table, slept half of his time; the other half was spent in diversions. Before he was forty three years of age he had suffered several fits of apoplexy, and every year a sickness, that brought him to death's door. He was troubled with colics, surfeits, indigestions, want of sleep. But at forty three years of age he lost all that he was worth; as he had a numerous family, he was under a necessity to work for a subsistence. He got up at four every morning, drank water only, and many times had only bread to eat. What was the consequence? He saw an end of all his disorders, and now, that he is seventy five years old, is better in health than I am. There is no question, ladies, that, if the pleasures which are obtained by riches, were put into a balance with those, that are the fruits of poverty and hard work, we should not hesitate one moment about

the

the choice, at least; we should make ourselves very easy upon the loss of our worldly substance.

Lady *Louisa*. I give up this article, Mrs. *Affable*; but I still have several others. For example, this poor man reduced to want, loses the use of his limbs, and is in an utter incapacity of doing any work; he must of necessity beg for a livelihood. Now I put the question; can any thing be more wretched than to depend upon others charity, to be exposed to the contempt and scorn of the rich; can there be a more miserable situation?

Lady *Sensible*. Here pride is the misfortune, my dear; but if I know, that pride is the greatest of evils, and if I truly desire to be freed from this evil, shall not I find very speedy comfort in a situation so well calculated to defeat that vice? a rich man despises me, because I beg an alms; so much the worse for him; he is very unhappy, that he is so weak in his understanding. He is an object of contempt himself, but his folly does not affect in the least the nature of my condition, nor take from me the least good quality I may have; nay it may be of service, and put me upon acquiring such as I may want. If I am impartial I may say this man despises me for being poor; he is much to blame; but did he know how great a sinner I am, he would condemn me much more, and very justly. How often have I mal-treated those, who had their dependance on me? 'Tis just I should have it returned. Then I deserved contempt, and met with praise; this is but a just compensation.

Lady *Louisa*. I take it to be very true, that contempt disquiets us merely in as much as we are proud; and we should be glad of an occasion, that

is

is offered to destroy our pride; but if any one should alienate our parents and friends from us?

Lady *Lucy*. Oh! Mrs. *Affable*, this is a most sensible article to me; as to the rest I could have gone hand in hand with lady *Sensible*, but what can I say to this particular misfortune?

Lady *Sensible*. Help me out, Mrs. *Affable*, I am come to the most difficult part of the task I have undertaken.

Mrs. *Affable*. In truth, my dear, I should scruple giving you any help, you have discussed the point too well to want it. Do you think the misfortune is past recovery?

Lady *Sensible*. Not quite so, Mrs. *Affable*; my relations and friends are very reasonable; it may be possible for me to justify my innocence, and regain their esteem.

Mrs. *Affable*. And should they be otherwise, and not admit the proofs you brought of your innocence, would this be a sufficient cause for your being disquieted in mind for the loss of their favour?

Lady *Lucy*. I should not grieve for losing the friendship of persons, whom I could no longer esteem, because they are unjust; but nothing could comfort me for the wrong they did themselves; the evil would light upon them; and I should break my heart for persons so dear to me.

Mrs. *Affable*. You don't reflect, my dear; you say, that you could not esteem those persons, and you imagine, that you would still love them. This does not hang together. Among sensible persons friendship and esteem expire together.

Miss *Zina*. Then we must hate them; were it my father or mother, or husband, would you advise me in that manner?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. Were it the very last of men, I would not. Mind what I say, and endeavour to take my meaning. When God endowed us with reason, he undoubtedly designed we should make use of that gift, and as he is the supreme and first reason or understanding, he cannot do any thing contrary to reason. Whatever is worthy of esteem is amiable; and there is a natural inclination to love such objects. But as we are corrupt in general, and prone to evil, the love, which we must have for each other, would be very weakly supported, if it only rested upon qualities, that depend of our choice. Hence God has given us qualities independant of our will, and sufficient to ground a just and rational affection in other persons. However wicked a creature like unto us may be, it is still a creature made unto the likeness of God, redeemed by the precious blood of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and designed as well as ourselves to be eternally happy. No one is without the respectable title of a child of God, and of the object of his love. Can we be so unjust as to hate creatures, whom God still loveth, and who by the conversion of their heart to him may become objects of his complacency? Such are the motives, upon which the love of our neighbour or charity is founded, and such is the love that we owe to those, whom we cannot esteem. This aggravates their defects, and undoubtedly makes them more sensible; but the sense we have of their indignity, however vehement it may be, cannot affect our happiness without our fault; otherwise we must say, that the happiness of the supreme being is not perfect, and that he must suffer by seeing the wickedness of man.

Lady

Lady *Lucy*. This last reason convinces me fully ; with me it is decisive, for it is a consequence of this first truth, *There is a God*.

Mrs. *Affable*. What lady *Sensible* has said, she has spoke as a philosopher. The heathens have discovered by the light of nature, that poverty and other things, that are miscalled *evils*, were no hindrance to happiness. But what is there, that we cannot say, when we speak as Christians ? When we begin to discourse on the gospel, we shall be taught by the oracle of eternal wisdom, what is truly good, and truly evil. Adieu ladies. Miss *Sophy*, remember you promised to bring your little sister with you ; I shall expect her by and by.



DIALOGUE XVI.

Miss *SOPHY*.

MRS. *Affable*, here is my little sister *Fanny*. She would willingly thank you herself, but, as she cannot speak French, she has begged of me to do it for her.

Mrs. *Affable*. Come, kiss me, my dear ; I hope you will very soon be able to talk the language of our school ; sit down, and be very attentive to what is said.

Miss *Sophy*. We read yesterday a very curious story ; will Mrs. *Affable* give me leave to repeat it to the ladies.

Mrs. *Affable*. Very willingly, my dear, after the stories from the holy scripture. You begin, miss *Bella*.

Yell

Miss

Miss *Bella*. Whilst the *Israelites* were captives in *Affyria*, a good king reigned in *Juda*. He served the Lord, as *David* had done, and never departed from his duty. He cut down the groves consecrated to the false gods, and broke in pieces the brazen serpent, which the people adored. He waged a successful war against the neighbouring nations, that attacked him, and undertook to deliver his kingdom from the tribute, that was paid to the king of *Affyria*. *Sennacherib*, king of the *Affyrians*, being informed of his design, came against him with a powerful army, which obliged *Hezekiab* to pay the tribute again. After *Sennacherib* had received this money, he laughed at *Hezekiab*, and, not content with this, sent some of his people to corrupt the *Jews*; by his order these wicked agents spoke blasphemous words to them; the Lord your God, said they, has not power to rescue you out of our hands. These horrible blasphemies came to the king's ears; *Hezekiab* rent his clothes, and was more affected with the injury offered to the Lord, than the fear of losing his crown. Whilst this holy prince put up his most humble prayers to God, he sent to consult the prophet *Isaiab*, now that *Elisba* was dead. The prophet assured him, that he would be assisted by the Lord, upon the hearing of which the impious king of *Affyria* redoubled his blasphemies, and had the audaciousness to write them in a letter he wrote to *Hezekiab*. This religious prince carried the letter to the temple, and presenting it to God, he earnestly begged of him to shew to all the world, that he was the almighty God. His prayer was heard, and God sent his exterminating angel to the camp of *Sennacherib*, where this messenger, and instrument of God, slew an hundred fourscore and five thousand men. The wicked king of the

Affyrians

Affyrans was taught at his own cost, that it is not safe to try the extent of God's patience. He escaped with shame into his country, where he was murdered by his two sons, whilst he was worshipping his idols.

Some time after *Hezekiah* fell sick, and *Isaiab* came to him, and said to him, *Thus saith the Lord: Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.* Hereupon the king turned his face to the wall, and prayed to God in the bitterness of his soul. The prophet was going back, and got into the middle court, when God said to him, turn again, and say to the king, the Lord hath heard thy prayer; he will add to thy days fifteen years, and in three days thou shalt go up to the temple. *Hezekiah* took the liberty to beg a miracle in proof of the truth of *Isaiab's* prediction. The prophet put this to the king's option, *shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees on the dial?* Let the shadow, said the king, return backward ten degrees. Not long after the king of *Babylon* sent embassadors to *Hezekiah* with his congratulation on the recovery of his health; and the king of *Juda* had the vanity to invite them to a sight of all his treasures. Then *Isaiab* speaking in the name of God, who deputed and inspired him, said, in punishment of your pride all the treasures you have shewn shall be carried into *Babylon*, and your issue shall be there in captivity.

Mrs. *Affable*. Well! lady *Louisa*, will you find fault again with my severe morals, and making sins of what is very innocent? What harm in shewing those treasures? Certainly none, if *Hezekiah* had only meant a civility, or a piece of complaisance to the embassadors; but as this step, innocent in itself, was taken out of a vain boast of his opulence and greatness, God, who is jealous

of

of every motion of the heart, would not let the fault pass unpunished.

Lady Louisa. God requires us to be so very exact in our ways, that it may throw us into despair. How many such faults should I commit in a day? I am really pleased to shew my treasures, that is, my diamonds, my clothes, and all that I am worth to friends. I am pleased, when they are admired and commended, and never had the first thought of an offence.

Mrs. Affable. And perhaps, my dear, there was no offence in so doing; God alone knows your heart, and how far you are attached to such bagatelles. The safe way is to clear the heart from all such affections. Go on with our stories, miss *Sophy*.

Miss Sophy. After the death of *Hzekiah*, his son *Manasseh* came to the throne, when he was but twelve years of age; and he was the wickedest of all the princes; he made his son pass through the fire in honour of the idols; he re-established the worship of the false Gods, and placed them in the temple of the most high; he dealt in magic and sorcery, and turned out a monster, that drew *Juda* into the idolatry of their sovereign. God, to punish his crimes, permitted him to be taken by the *Babylonians*, who carried him into captivity in their country. During his confinement he lifted up his heart to God, and prayed sincerely to obtain forgiveness. God, who never rejects the prayers of a penitent sinner, however enormously he may have offended, forgave the offender, and permitted his restoration to the throne. His first care was to destroy the idols he had raised, and he continued truly faithful to his God the rest of his days. *Amnion*, the son of *Manasseh* imitated the sins of his father, but was not so happy as

to follow the example of his repentance; he was murdered by one of his servants. His son *Josiah* walked in the ways of *David*, and constantly persevered in the fear and love of the Lord. A copy of the book of the law was found and brought to him, to which this religious prince exhorted all his subjects to conform their lives, but after his death they soon forgot the solemn promises they had made upon oath, to renounce the worship of idols. The *Jews* made no account of the threats denounced by *Jeremiah*, who prophesied at that time; and having wearied out the patience of the Lord, he sent *Nebuchadnezzar* against them, who destroyed the temple, and carried them all captives to *Babylon*. This sad event happened in the reign of *Zedekiah*. The *Jews* remained in captivity, till *Cyrus* took *Babylon*, who was employed as an agent from God to punish the sins of *Belshazzar*.

Mrs. *Affable*. If the former passage has alarmed us, this may remove our fears. 'Tis hard to be more wicked than *Manasseh*. And yet as soon as he sincerely detests his crimes, God not only grants him the pardon he begs, but restores him to the crown, for which he had not made any instance. It must be owned, ladies, that the greatest pleasure is to serve a God so good, so merciful. Miss *Molly*, give us your account of *Belshazzar*.

Miss *Molly*. After *Nebuchadnezzar* had destroyed the temple, he took all the sacred vessels with him to *Babylon*. This great city was afterwards besieged by *Cyrus* under the reign of *Belshazzar*, who during the siege, gave a grand feast to the Lords of his court, and towards the end of the entertainment, ordered the sacred vessels to be brought, out of which he drank, and made his courtiers and

and concubines drink out of the same. At the same time that these abominations were carrying on, the king observed a hand writing upon the wall. His wise men and astrologers were not able to give an interpretation of this mysterious writing*. Some of the standers-by informed the king, that a man, *Daniel* by name, one of the captive *Jews*, was a person of great knowledge and penetration, who had also explained some things to his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, which appeared very obscure. *Belshazzar* sent for *Daniel*, who very freely explained the writing to him. The words were MENE MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. *This is the interpretation of the thing*, said *Daniel*, MENE, *God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.* TEKEL, *thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.* PERES, *thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians*†.

At the sight of the hand writing upon the wall the king was seized with such dread, that his knees struck one against another. The queen his mother hearing what had happened, came down to the banquetting hall, and reproached him with his fears, which encouraged him, though *Daniel* had put him in mind of the chastisement come upon his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, whom God had condemned, when his heart was lifted up with pride, and puffed up with his power, to become like a brute for seven years, to be fed with grass, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven.

* Because the words might be read with many different vowels to the consonants, for those only appeared in the *writing*, but chiefly, for that every word was to be explained by a whole sentence.

† Vide *Daniel's* Prophecy, chap. v. ver. 25, 26, 27, 28.

The liberty, which the prophet took, did not offend *Belshazzar*; but he gave his orders, and they clothed *Daniel* with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck. That very night *Babylon* was taken, and *Belshazzar* slain. *Cyrus*, jointly with *Darius Cyaxares*, his uncle, and his father-in-law, succeeded to the empire, and reigned there.

Lady Charlotte. I have long waited for this period of time, as I am brought acquainted with *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares* by the abridgment I have of universal history.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis a real pleasure to fall in with one's acquaintance. You see, my dear; the benefit of an early application from a little one; had you spent your time in playing, whereabout would you be now,

Lady Mary. I do assure you, *Mrs. Affable*, that since I have begun with history, I scarce mind dolls; I should be glad to exchange them for books.

Lady Charlotte. There's one thing in that abridgment, that puts me out of all patience. Many stories are mentioned, that are not to be found there. *Mama* has given me several volumes of *Rollin's History*, where she tells me I shall meet with all these stories. I set about reading them, but there is so much reasoning, and such a number of battles; Lord! it is quite tedious.

Mrs. Affable. Skip over the battles, my dear; when you are a little older, you will read them over again. You have not all *Rollin's* history; lady *Sensible* shall repeat them to you. She had writ them all out herself, by that time she was ten.

Miss Bella. It is very happy for the lady to know all these fine things. I shall be truly obliged

figed t
the sto
great

Mr
we m
cerns
said
people
Witty
cible

La
that
at the
er dr
Now
dered
nomi
publi
every
and t
woul
to hi
mean
they
weal
he w
up hi

M
ing
L
neve
not
Spar
iron
coun

lized to you, if you will give her leave to tell us the stories relating to *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares*; I have a great mind to be acquainted with those princes.

Mrs. *Affable*. She shall, my dear, the first time we meet; we make an end to-day of what concerns the *Lacedemonians*. At our last meeting we said *Lycurgus's* design was to form an invincible people, and that should make no conquests. Lady *Witty*! How did he contrive to make them invincible?

Lady *Witty*. The ladies will please to remember, that the children were brought up to fear no pain; at the same time they were taught to have a greater dread of shaming themselves than of death. Now if a man had run away in battle, or surrendered his arms, he would have been loaded with ignominy. He must not be seen any more at the public halls, where, we said, they took their meals; every one was free to insult him, to spit in his face, and throw dirt at him. They avoided him as they would an infected person, and those that should speak to him were looked upon as infamous. By this means the *Spartans* were a long time invincible; they might indeed have destroyed their commonwealth by killing all, but as long, as one kept alive, he would have defended himself, and never given up his arms.

Mrs. *Affable*. But how did he hinder them making conquests?

Lady *Witty*. If the enemy took to flight, they never were allowed to pursue. Besides they could not make conquests, as long as they observed the *Spartan* laws. They had, you know, nothing but iron-money. Once they were out of *Laconia* their country, how could they purchase necessaries?

Other nations would not have taken up with their iron-money.

Lady *Charlotte*. Yet they went far from their country, when *Xerxes* came into *Europe*.

Lady *Witty*. They did so, and I have made the same reflection; I imagine, that as they fought with other Greeks for the defence of all *Greece*, they were then furnished with necessaries.

Miss *Friivolous*. You said, that the slaves only were concerned in the several arts and professions. Being used so ill they could not have very great trade or commerce. Many of those slaves very probably would never have returned, if they had been allowed to trade abroad.

Mrs. *Affable*. The *Spartans* had no trade; their country afforded all necessaries; what was superfluous they wanted not; but had they desired any thing in that way, they were supplied by foreign traders before *Lycurgus's* days; after his laws, they never set foot in the country.

Miss *Bella*. Why, Mrs. *Affable*? Did *Lycurgus* make any law against their coming into *Laconia*?

Mrs. *Affable*. Such a law was needless. Merchants send their goods about only for money; as nothing but iron was to be brought from *Sparta*, they were sure to come no more. *Lycurgus* had not only banished trade, but arts and sciences, whence proceeded that asperity and harshness, which appeared very conspicuously in their virtues and behaviour. In effect, as I have explained to you, arts and sciences are the cause of luxury, and, with luxury, occasion imaginary wants and necessities; but even these are links, by which we are bound, and engaged one to another, and laid under restraint with regard to those, whose service or help may be of use to us. Miss *Sophy*, tell us the story you have

have read. You mentioned it at the beginning of our lesson.

Miss Sopby. There was a *Turkish* emperor, who desired to be possessed of the kingdom of *Hungary*, and to this end sent an embassador to the king, that reigned at that time. The embassador, instead of coming with presents, brought a considerable number of asses loaded with corn. When he arrived at the *Hungarian* court, he ordered the sacks to be untied, and the corn to be shot on the ground; and addressing himself to the king, if you will not, said he, acknowledge the emperor my master as your sovereign, he will send as many soldiers into your country, as you see grains of corn before you. The prince promised he would give him an answer the next morning; mean while he got together a prodigious number of hens and chickens. They were brought to the place, and eat up all the corn. Upon this the king spoke to the *Turkish* embassador, tell your master, said he, that my troops will deal by his, as my hens and chickens have done with his corn. As soon as the *Turk* received this answer, he assembled a powerful army, and sent his forces into *Hungary*; but the king, who was forewarned, had full time to prepare for his defence. A narrow and very difficult *defile* was to be passed to enter into *Hungary*; the prince spoiled the road, and filled it up with so many trees, that it was quite impracticable; whereby the *Turk* having put his troops to excessive hard duty, and to no purpose, was obliged to retire.

Was not the *Turkish* emperor a great oaf, Mrs. Affable? If he intended to make himself master of *Hungary*, he should never have given any notice of his design to that prince, nor time to be guarded against his attempt. Had he come on a sud-

den without any intimation of his intent, he would have found the road clear and ready; and nothing could have hindered him succeeding in the enterprise.

Lady Sensible. You don't reflect, dear cousin; is it lawful to attack a prince without declaring war first?

Miss Sophy. Why, my dear? if *Hungary* belonged to him, could not he seize his own without any warning? Where could be the harm?

Lady Sensible. That would have been against the *law of nations*, and a criminal breach of publick society.

Lady Violent. Pray, what is meant by the *law of nations*? I don't understand those terms.

Mrs. Affable. I will explain it to you the best I can, It is the *law of nature*. Before any laws were made, men consulted the law, which God had written in their hearts, to decide what was just or unjust. This law being common to all, was universally known, and is to be observed in all places. I will make it clearer by an example.

Two nations are at war, and consequently have right to destroy their enemies. One of these two desires to make peace with the other; how shall this be signified to the other, when all correspondence is interrupted? A provision is made to this end, by determining, that at all times men called embassadors may be sent, and that their persons shall be sacred, that is, that they shall be safe from all danger, as they are commonly sent either to make, or to maintain peace subsisting between these nations. The law of nature shews evidently, that their persons must be inviolably safe, without which no one would undertake the commission,

mission, and go to the enemy. The interest of all nations requires their persons to be sacred in this manner; and this is called the law of nations. The same law makes it necessary, that the ambassadors shall not abuse the confidence reposed in them by the nation, which receives them; and here we have another branch of the law of nature. We admit you amongst us, says this nation, because you profess coming with a good intention, and for our advantage. On this condition you are allowed to come into our country, and to be secure of all harm; but if you impose, and, instead of endeavouring to concert a peace, and agreement, you come to hurt the commonwealth, you make a bad use of our confidence, and violate the law of nature, that is, the law of nations; and we can justly look upon you as an enemy, and demand satisfaction from your principals, and insist upon your being punished.

The safety and welfare of nations is the foundation of this law; and, from what has been said, the same law enforces the necessity of never allowing any nation to attack another without a previous declaration of war; otherwise there could be no quiet, and we should be no safer at home, than in a forest among a company of robbers. If a prince may fall upon one treacherously, he has the same right to attack all the rest; at this rate no one could be secure in the world. All nations have agreed therefore, and enacted by common consent, that no power shall wage war without declaring their intention first; and who break through this law offend all nations by their contempt of this public and received law, the law of nations. Now you take my meaning, ladies, and you see why the *Turk* could not with honour at-

tack the king of *Hungary*, without previously declaring war.

Miss *Sophy*. I am satisfied, Mrs. *Affable*, and much ashamed of the wrong judgment I made so hastily.

Miss *Bella*. I am very sorry, Mrs. *Affable*, that you are a French woman; otherwise I would have proposed a thought just come into my head.

Mrs. *Affable*. Let us have your thought for all that; you have my free consent. Probably it is something against my country; in that case I must commend your good breeding; nothing more unbecoming than to entertain a person with offensive reflections on his country; that is quite rude and outrageous. But, my dear friend, here the case is altered; we meet to learn, and not to give offence; and so tell me freely what this thought is and all others, provided I am at liberty to contradict, when I shall think you are in the wrong. Are you willing it should be so, my dear?

Miss *Bella*. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. *Affable*; and I will tell you honestly what I thought. I am sorry for your sake, that the *French* have violated the law of nations in *America*, for 'tis generally said, that they began hostilities there without any declaration of war.

Mrs. *Affable*. Indeed almost every body says so in *England*, but what is very particular, my dear, every body says the contrary in *France*; and there they think the fault lies on the side of the *English*, and that they began the war without any declaration.

Miss *Bella*. Tell me candidly, Mrs. *Affable*, who you think are in the right.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Affable*. I assure you, my dear, I know nothing of it. I must farther tell you I have never examined the matter. This is a point, where you can never arrive at a certainty; if you were to read all that is written on both sides, and, besides, you must be sure, that there is no mistake on either side. But how can we be sure of this? For this reason I have resolved to suspend my opinion, that I may not be unjust to either nation.

Miss *Sophy*. Since we are upon this subject I must give you my opinion; and I have been in this way of thinking for no short time. I say to myself; poor Mrs. *Affable* must be sadly perplexed; for, in short, you must love your country, and consequently with *France* may get the better; I am very certain on the other side, that you love *England*, where you have so many scholars, that love you entirely; you must be grieved, when we meet with any disadvantage. How can you contrive to reconcile these things?

Mrs. *Affable*. Nothing easier, my dear; I am glad however, that you have put this question to me, which favours me with an opportunity to teach you, how you are to act on such occasions. But before I give you an answer, allow me to ask another question. You don't know that your mama and I are concerned in a lawsuit. There are in a purse one thousand guineas a lady left me at her death. Your mama pretends that the purse belongs to her. Who do you wish the purse to?

Miss *Sophy*. I am quite puzzled. I am sure neither *mama*, nor you would advance any thing against truth. Still I must love *mama* more than you; so (you will excuse me, Mrs. *Affable*) I must wish her to have the purse.

Miss *Molly*. Well! as I have not the honour to know my lady, I wish for Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. *Affable*. I thank you kindly, my dear; but if after all the purse did not belong to me, but to my lady, you wish very ill for me; there can be nothing worse than being possessed of others goods.

Miss *Molly*. But if that money was not yours, undoubtedly you would not desire it.

Mrs. *Affable*. I trust I should not; but the case is so intricate, that we both pretend to be in the right. My lady locked up a purse of one thousand guineas in her *bureau*. I put in it at the same just such another with the like sum. Thieves stole one of the purses. My lady says, they left hers and that she knows her own purse very well; I say the same of mine, which I think I know as well. How can the difference be composed? 'Tis impossible; we are at law; the judges will determine the cause.

Miss *Rural*. Mrs. *Affable* is quite right in saying, that it is a most pernicious thing to enjoy another's property; upon which I must wish her to be cast if that purse is not hers.

Mrs. *Affable*. That is really wishing like a friend, who loves me well. I love my country, miss *Sophy*, and as nothing can be more unfortunate, than an unjust possession of goods belonging to others, I heartily wish the *French* to be worsted, if they claim what is not their own.

Miss *Bella*. If I am to judge as you do, I must wish the same to *England*.

Mrs. *Affable*. To be sure if you are a good commonwealth's-woman. Remember, ladies, that it is not the extent of, but the title to possessions, which makes the happiness of empires. To make
unjust

unjust acquisitions is the greatest misfortune that can happen to commonwealths and kingdoms. As I am not a judge of the justice of the cause between the two nations, I cannot determine to which I must wish success. My prayer is, O God, who knowest which side has a just cause, bless that with victory; never permit me to meet with success, when I shall attempt to wrong my neighbour, either knowingly or thro' ignorance; but rather let my pretensions be defeated. Grant the same favour to my country, my relations, friends, and to all those, for whom I am more particularly concerned.

I intended, ladies, to entertain you with a story, but it is too long for the time we have to day. Lady *Charlotte* has made a very pretty tale, which she will entertain you with. After that we must talk about *North America*, and at our morning's meeting you shall have the story I promised.

Lady *Charlotte*. A merchant sailed to the *West Indies* with his wife; he had good success and grew rich; and after some years he took ship to return to *France*, his own country. He had his wife with him, two children, a boy and a girl. His son was about four years of age, and named *John*; his daughter (her name was *Mary*) was a year younger. When they were half way of their passage, a dreadful storm came unexpectedly; the pilot said they were in imminent danger, as the wind drove them upon some islands, where they must of necessity suffer shipwreck. The merchant upon this took a large and strong plank, and fastened his wife and two children tight to it; he would also have fixed himself to the same, but he had not time; for the ship immediately struck upon a rock, split in two, and all on board fell into

the sea. The plank with the wife and the two children kept the sea like a little boat, and the wind carried them to an island. The woman untied the cords, and made up into the country with the two children.

Now that they were safely landed, the mother's first care was to thank God for her and her children's preservation; but still she was in great grief for the loss of her husband; besides she apprehended, that herself and her children must perish with hunger in this island, or be devoured with wild beasts. She was going on with these melancholy thoughts, when she discovered several trees loaded with fruit. She took a broken bough and beat some of the fruit down, which she gave the children, and of which she also eat. She advanced farther in hopes of discovering some hut; but she perceived, that she was upon a desert island. In her way she found a large hollow tree; this she designed to be her house for that night. She lay there with her children, and the next day walked with them as far as they could; she saw several birds-nests, and took the eggs; but finding neither men nor dangerous beasts upon the island, she was resolved to submit to God's holy will, and do her best for the education of her children. She had in her pocket a new Testament and a common Prayer; she taught them to read out of these books, and brought them up to the knowledge of their maker. Sometimes her son would say, *mama*, what is become of *papa*? what made him take us from home to this island? Won't he come for us soon? Children, the disconsolate mother answered with tears, your *papa* is gone to heaven; but you have another *papa*, that is our good God. He is here, though you see him not; he it is, that
sends

sends us fruit and eggs; he will take care of us as long as we shall love him with our whole heart, and serve him faithfully. When the children could read well, they were much pleased with their reading, and talked of it the whole day. They were also very dutiful, and quite obedient to their mother.

At two years end the poor mother fell sick, and was aware she was drawing to her end; she was very uneasy about her children, but at last she was comforted with the thought, that God of his goodness would provide for them. She lay in the hollow of the tree, and calling her children to her, I am, said she, at the point of death, dear children, and you will be very soon orphans, and without your mother. But remember, that you are not left alone, and that God will see all that you are doing. Be sure to pray to him every morning and every night. Dear *Jacky*, take great care of your sister *Molly*, don't chide her, never strike her. You are bigger and stronger than she is; you must get fruit and eggs for her; she would have said something to *Molly*, but (there was no time for it) she died.

The poor children did not understand their mother, nor could they imagine what she meant by dying. When she expired they thought she was fallen asleep; they feared making the least noise for fear of waking her. *Jacky* went to provide fruit, and after they had eaten their supper they lay by the hollow tree, and went to sleep. The next morning they were much surprized, that their mother was still asleep; they took her by the arm to get her awake; when they found she gave them no answer, they thought she was displeased with them, they cried, they begged pardon,

don, and promised to be very good and dutiful. All to no purpose; we may imagine, though they could not, that no answer could be had from their dead mother. They continued some days in that place, till the corpse began to corrupt. One morning *Molly* with a great outcry called to *Jacky*, ah brother! said she, here are worms eating up poor *mama*; this must not be suffered; let us take them off; come, help me. *Jacky* drew near, but the stench was so great they could not stay there, but looked out another tree for their lodgings.

The children observed punctually the directions they received from their dying mother; no day passed without putting up their morning and evening prayers to God; they had read their books over so often, that they had them by heart. When they had read their time out, they walked, or else sat on the grass; *Jacky* would say to his sister, I well remember, when I was a very little one, that I was in a place, where was a number of great houses, and many men; I had my nurse, you had yours; *papa* had several servants; and you and I were finely dressed. *Papa* took us all on a sudden into a house, that moved upon the water, and after that, he very hastily tied us to a plank, and went himself to the bottom of the sea, from whence he never came back. This is particular, *Molly* answered; but since it was so, it was God's will; you know he can do all things.

Jacky and *Molly* had been eleven years on this island. As they were sitting on the sea-shore one day, they observed several blackmen coming in a boat to the island. At first *Molly* was frightened, and was for making her escape; but *Jacky* cried out, stay, sister, don't you know, that God our good

good father is here, and will hinder those men from doing us any harm? The blacks were surprised to see these children of a different colour from themselves. They surrounded them, and spoke to them, but to no purpose; *Jacky* and *Molly* knew nothing of their language. *Jacky* took these savages to the place, where his mother's remains lay, and gave them an account how his mother ceased to speak all at once; but they understood as little of his, as he did of their language. At length the black men shewed them their boat, and desired them by signs to step in. I dare not, says *Molly*, these men frighten me. Be of good heart, sister, said *Jacky*. *Papa* had servants of the same colour; perhaps he is returned from his voyage, and has sent them to find us out.

They went on board the little vessel, which carried them to an island not far distant, and inhabited by savages. They all received them very kindly; the king could not give over looking at *Molly*, and often put his hand to his breast to let her know he loved her. *Molly* and *Jacky* learned their language very soon, and understood, that the inhabitants were at war with the people of some neighbouring islands, that they eat their prisoners, and adored an overgrown ugly monkey, who was attended by several savages, insomuch, that the brother and sister were very sorry for being among such bad people. Meantime the king was resolved to make *Molly* his queen, who told her brother she had rather die than be wed to this man. Because he is ugly, replied *Jacky*. No, says she, but because he is wicked. Don't you observe, that he has no knowledge of God, our good father, and that, instead of praying to him, he kneels before that ugly beast? But besides our book tells us

us we must forgive our enemies, and do good to them; and you see, that instead of this, he, like a wicked man, puts his prisoners to death, and devours them.

A thought is come into my head, says *Jacky*; if we kill this ugly monkey, they will be convinced he is not their God. Let us do better, said *Molly*; our book says, that God always grants what we ask with a good heart; let us go down to our knees, and beg of God to destroy the monkey; then you will not be charged with it, and your life will be out of danger.

Jacky thought his sister reasoned well upon the matter. They both fell on their knees, and said aloud, O Lord, who can'st do whatever thou pleassest, vouchsafe, if it be thy good-will, to destroy this monkey, that these deluded people may know their adoration is due to thee, and not to that animal. They were yet upon their knees, when they heard a dreadful outcry, and upon inquiring what was the occasion of it, they were informed, that the great monkey leaping off the tree, had broke his leg, and, it was thought, beyond any possibility of recovering. The savages, who took care of the monkey now dead, and who were a sort of priests in his service, assured the king, that *Jacky* and *Molly* were the cause of this disastrous accident, and that the nation could never prosper, till the two white people had adored their God. It was immediately resolved, that a sacrifice should be offered to the new monkey they had just chosen to succeed to the other, that the two white people should assist at the sacrifice, and that *Molly* should then be espoused to the king, but that in case of refusal they should be burnt alive with the books which they used, to perform their enchantments.

ments. *Molly* was informed of the resolution taken, and as the priests reproached her with causing the death of the monkey, she made this answer, had I, said she, occasioned the death of your monkey I must, you cannot dispute it, be more powerful than he; it must be then an extreme degree of folly for me to adore one, that is not above me. The weaker must yield to the stronger, and consequently I should rather be adored by the monkey, than he by me. However I will not deceive you; it was not I that killed him, but our God, who is the master of all created beings, and without whose permission you cannot hurt a hair of my head. These words highly exasperated the savages; they tied them fast to piles of wood, and were prepared to set fire to them, when they heard, that a great number of their enemies were come ashore. They all ran to fight the invaders, and were overcome. The victorious enemy cut the chains of the victims destined to the flames, and carried them to their islands, where they became slaves to the king of the country. They were daily at hard labour from morning till night; they said they must be faithful servants for God's sake, and believe, that they served our Lord, since their book directed them to act in that manner.

Mean while these savages were frequently engaged in wars, and, like their neighbours, they devoured their prisoners. On a certain occasion they took a great number; for they were very warlike and stout. Among the prisoners was a white man, and the savages seeing him very lean determined to feed him, and fatten him for their eating. He was kept chained in a hut, and *Molly* was charged with the care of bringing him what he was to eat. As she knew that he

was

was soon to be eaten by the savages, she had a great compassion for him, and casting her sorrowful eyes upon him, she lifted up her heart to God, my God, said she, and my father, have mercy on him! This white man, who was surprised with the sight of a woman of the same colour as himself, was much more so when he heard her speak his own language, and pray to one God. Who taught you to speak French, said he, and to know God? I did not know before this, she said, the name of the language I speak; my mother spoke it and taught it me; as to God we have two books, from which we have learned much about him, and we pray to him daily. O heavens! the man cried out, is it possible? But, pray young woman, could not you let me see those books? I have not them here, but I will call my brother; he keeps the books, and will let you see them. She went out, and soon after came back with *Jack* and the books. The white man opened the books with some concern, and finding on the first leaf, this book belongs to *John Maurice*, he broke out with these words, ah dear children! have I lived to see you once more? come, embrace your father, and I with you may give me some account of your mother. *Jacky* and *Molly* fell into their father's arms in a flood of tears of joy; at last *Jacky* began to speak, my heart, said he, tells me you are my father; yet I don't know, how 'tis possible; for my mother said you went to the bottom of the sea, and now, by what I understand, I am satisfied, that no one can live there or return thence. It is true, said the man; I actually fell into the sea; but catching hold of a plank I came safely ashore in an island, and concluded you were lost. *Jacky* gave then a particular account of all

all that he could remember ; the white man wept bitterly, when he found that his poor wife was dead. *Molly* was all in tears, but for another reason. Alas ! she cried out ; what avails it to us to have met again with our father, if in a few days he is to be slaughtered and devoured ? We must cut his chains, said *Jacky*, and escape into the woods. What can we do there, said *John Maurice* ? The savages will soon catch us, or else we must starve with hunger. Leave it to me, says *Molly*, I have an infallible means to save your life.

With this she left her father, and went immediately to the king. When she came into the royal hut, she threw herself at his feet, Lord, said she, I have a great favour to beg of you, will you promise to grant my request ? More than that, the king answered, I swear, I will. Then, said *Molly*, you must know, that the white man you have committed to my care, is my father and *Jacky's*. You have determined, that he shall be eaten, I am come to lay before you, that he is old and lean, and that he cannot be very good meat ; but I am young and plump, and I hope that you will eat me instead of him ; all the favour I beg besides is, that I may be allowed a week to see, and be with him, before I die. Really, says the king, you are so good a girl, that I would not for the world you should die. You and your father both shall live. Moreover I must tell you, that a ship comes yearly with white men to whom we sell our prisoners ; we expect it soon, and you shall have my leave to depart.

Molly gave the king her most humble and grateful thanks ; she also thanked God, who had inspired the king, and moved him to compassion. She ran with the good news to her father, and some days after the ship mentioned by the black king came

came to the road, and she went on board with her father and her brother. They landed in a large island inhabited by *Spaniards*. The governor of the island hearing this adventure of *Molly's*, said to himself, this young woman is not worth a groat, and is extremely sun-burnt; but is so good and virtuous, that she can make a husband happier than riches and beauty. He proposed the match to her father; *John Maurice* gave his consent; the governor was soon married to her, and he made a match between a kinswoman of his and *John Maurice's* son; they lived very happily in the island, and often reflected with wonder on the mysterious and wise Providence of God, who only permitted the daughter to be a slave as a means to save her father's life.

Mrs. Affable. I assure you, dear lady *Charlotte*, that this pretty tale has affected me very much. What do you say lady *Lucy*?

Lady Lucy. In my opinion of this tale, there is not one needless circumstance, and the whole of it is wonderfully adapted to raise our confidence in God, and to promote in us a true love of our duty. The lady has also found a way to give us a great share of concern for two innocent persons. This, I think, is all that can be expected in a tale.

Mrs. Affable. Yes indeed, ladies. Lady *Lucy* has very judiciously placed in one point of view all the qualities required in a fiction, that is, in tales and fables. Remember these well. I would have you follow lady *Charlotte's* example, and compose something. This will form a stile, and accustom you to write your thoughts in some order; but that you may succeed in your compositions, you must at once both instruct and please. Those ladies amongst you, that cannot make a little story must write letters. Nothing is so unbecoming in a lady as not to know
how

how to express her thoughts in writing ; but to have a facility in this way they must accustom themselves early to the practice. Our lesson has been so long to day, that we must put off geography to another meeting.

Lady *Louisa*. I won't forget the story Mrs. *Affable* has promised to prove, that there is no probity or worth without religion.

Mrs. *Affable*. We will begin our next with that story ; but however take notice, that, by a great chance, a person without religion may still preserve his probity and worth. We have a natural love of virtue, and this is seen in those, that are not at all virtuous ; but the disordered love of our selves inclines us to depart from virtue, wherever we find it necessary to gratify corrupt nature. But several circumstances may concur, where a man will not find any occasion for vicious actions to obtain the satisfaction he has in view. Here he continues a man of worth, where he has no interest to be otherwise, and because no one is wicked without some view or other. The story I have promised will prove, and shew at the same time, that, if only religion can maintain unalterable worth and probity, nothing but religion can procure true happiness, and such as shall not depend upon the various incidents of life.

The End of the Second Volume.



THE JOURNAL OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

NATURAL HISTORY

VOLUME 1

PART 1



1858

